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VITTORIA COLONNA.

“NEC TU LONGINQUAM BONUS ASPERNABERE MUSAM,
QUÆ, NUPER GELIDA VIX ENUTRITA SUB ARCTO,
IMPRUDENS ITALAS AUSA EST VOLITARE PER URBES.”

MILTON TO MANSO.

EDINBURGH :
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VITTORIA COLONNA:
A TALE OF ROME,
IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

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VITTORIA COLONNA.

CHAPTER I.

“ Solo il Tebro levava alto la testa,
E all’elmo polveroso la sua donna
In Campidoglio rimettea la cresta.
E divina guerriera, in corta gonna,
Il cor, piu che la spada, all’ire e all’onte
Di Rodano opponeva e di Garonna.”

La Basvilliana.

It was early in the month of February, that the unusual sight of an armed force was seen to crown the heights and occupy the road leading from Civita Castellana, the ancient Veii, to Rome. A considerable body of cavalry were already pretty far advanced in the Campagna, half hidden from their comrades

behind by the pernicious vapour which, even in that winter month, steamed from the fens and stunted brushwood of the Roman desert. In vain the eager eye of the French soldier sought as yet the ruins of grandeur, the fallen towers and broken aqueducts, which, he had been told, strewed the country around Rome. The troop had descended the mountainous and winding road from Civita Castellana in the darkness of early morning, and in the silence which military precaution rendered necessary ; and this silence had not a little contributed to swell the enthusiasm natural to those approaching the Eternal City.

The French soldiers, then the heroes of Lodi, of Arcole, and of Rivoli, were not yet the vain-glorious, though still gallant soldiers of the empire. They had been called from all stations of life, from palace and hovel alike, to defend their homes and independence.— They had taken up arms for the republic on principle, and had served it without participating in its crimes. And although towards

this period of the Italian wars, most of the superior officers began to be corrupted by that love of rapine which afterwards became the general character of the troops, yet friends and enemies alike bear witness to the orderly, the noble, and disinterested behaviour of the French soldier previous to his Egyptian campaigns.

The enthusiasm of these soldiers was great upon approaching Rome. The laurels of Rivoli were yet fresh upon their brows, and they deemed themselves, without arrogance, conquerors worthy of ascending to the Capitol. Nor were they so ignorant as one merely acquainted with modern soldiers might suppose. Not a few in those ranks had studied in classical seminaries the works of Tacitus and Livy ; many, without having enjoyed such advantages, had contemplated the characters of ancient heroism, on the stage and in the classic drama of their country ; while the rest had caught an enthusiasm as great, if not as learned, from the proclamations of the Directory, and from those of their

General, Buonaparte. Such were the troops, that, on the ninth of February, seventeen hundred and ninety-eight, awoke the slumbers of the Campagna, as they trode the Flaminian way towards Rome.

On the approach of morn the fog became less dense, quitting entirely the higher grounds, and coiling its retreat along the lower, towards the scattered groves of oak and birch that skirt the desert, and mark its junction with the rising Appenine. To the left of their march lay Soracte, displaying few or no vestiges of classic snow, which, nevertheless, abundantly covered the Tiburtine hills beyond, though of far inferior height. From among these the sun had already risen, and, still behind Soracte, his rays were seen to pour across the Campagna as over a still and sullen ocean. The eyes of the troop were turned towards the rising luminary, which, as it surmounted Soracte's ridge, changed the purple night-hue of the hills at once to a brilliant orange. The sun here "carries the heavens by a *coup de*

main ;” and so instantaneously was the dark mass of mountain lit up, that it seemed almost the effect of magic.

“ *Que c’est beau !*—how beautiful !” exclaimed the young officer that commanded the demi-brigade, as he turned to contemplate the classic hill, which, from the days of Horace to our own, has attracted the gaze of many a pilgrim.

If this exclamation of Duvivier was intended for any one save himself, it was for a very unmilitary looking personage that rode at his side. He was habited in black—not as a cleric exactly, but *en abbé*, save that the black silk strip, or long narrow manteau, no longer flowed down his back ; and that, instead of the neat periwig that should have appeared beneath his three-cornered hat, he had adopted the revolutionary, and not uncomfortable substitute of a red night-cap. Though young he bordered upon the corpulent, without however any of that air of heavy contentedness which obesity produces on the visages of the

north. On the contrary, the plump ruddiness of his cheek added to the vivacious and cunning expression of his eyes, which, as well as every limb he had, took active part with his tongue in conversation. He was evidently a Roman refugee, a lawyer too seemingly; one who in his studies had unguardedly mingled the alcohol of the French deistical and republican writers with the pure lymph of Justinian, a disciple of Bassville's, the French emissary,—one, in short, who, after the death of Duphot, had deemed it prudent to beat a retreat in the suite of the French ambassador. *Cittadino* Bassi had had, as may well be supposed, more solid reasons for his republicanism than those which were afforded him by a perusal of Rousseau, joined with any natural independence of spirit. He had been a distressed man, and had tasted of the bounty of the early French missionaries. His citizenship was moreover of a good family, kept a *De in petto*, and was not unacquainted with the story and elevation of Rienzi. And acting now as a

kind of agent or minister for the republicans of Rome with the French General, he returned with the zealous intention of planting, through their help, the tree of liberty upon the Capitol, and of prospering, as he best might, beneath its shade.

The knowing look of the Italian was well contrasted with the frank and careless air of the young officer, whose dark eye and brow, and whose clear and embrowned complexion, bespoke little more than the Frenchman and the soldier. To his exclamation at the beauty of the scene, Bassi, who amongst his other professions reckoned that of a poet, answered in the well-known verse of Filicaia—

“ Italia, Italia, o tu, cui feo la sorte
Dono infelice di bellezza——”

“ Cease, for heaven’s sake,” said Duvivier, interrupting him, “ to plead the beauty of your country as an excuse for her baseness. It is the Italian’s eternal theme—if you call him poor, mean, enslaved, ignorant—in short, if you tell him all the truth you know, he

points to his vineyards and olive groves as an excuse. Italians have their country as they have their wives—for themselves to boast of, and others to enjoy.”

The taunt was bitter, but not more so than a personage conducting a foreign force into his country might endure.

“It is to be hoped, however,” rejoined Bassi, drily, “that the hour of Italian redemption is arrived.”

“O, yes!—Rome shall have her consuls and her senate; and their decrees shall be valid—when countersigned by the commanders of the French forces. Messieurs the commissaries of the Directory, will most politely demand, at every palace, for its plate and jewels, whilst our generals cull the solid laurels of victory in the shape of church-chalices and candlesticks. This will be your redemption.”

“And even with these drawbacks a welcome one,” said Bassi, who was by no means shocked at the picture of rapine which Duvi-
vier indignantly drew. “But fear you not,

Colonel, to speak such opinions as those so loudly—so openly?”

“Think you I should tell *you* aught which I cared were it placarded on Pasquin’s statue. I’ll tell any man, or in any place, my opinion, that the system of plunder carried on at Loretto and other towns through which we have passed, disgraces the arms of France and the cause of liberty.”

“Notwithstanding that I agree with you, still one must allow that some indemnity is due, in the shape of plunder, to the toil and blood of the soldier.”

“Ay—of the soldier! But what indemnity has he received in the midst of all this plunder, of which he has not in the least partaken?—That of being left six months in arrears of pay.”

“Still I have had frequent opportunities of knowing and of judging your commander, General Berthier: he seems an honest and a frank soldier.”

“True, the modern Brennus is all that.—

I accuse not him. But he permits any thing, while he is himself lost in dreams of his mistress and his dignity. *Mais, tiens*, what castellated place is this on the eminence before us?"

"Nepi—'tis but a village ; and the towers and battlements you notice are but the remains of its old castle and aqueduct."

"Methinks a division of his Holiness's troops might incommode us not a little from behind these ruins."

"Think you that the effeminate troops of the old priest could stand before the heroes of France?"

"A truce with compliments, signor, or you shall be proscribed as an aristocrat. I have never seen soldiers behave with more gallantry than the pontifical troops when they attacked us under Victor at Imola."

"Or when they massacred General Duphot," added Bassi.

Duvivier ground his teeth at the mention of his friend's name, to revenge whose late murder by the Romans was the chief pretext of

the present invasion. He ordered his troops to be on the alert, and ascended the eminence of Nepi at a brisk pace, in the hopes of surprising some inhabitant, from whom tidings might be extracted of the state of affairs at Rome, or whether any troops were stationed to oppose their march. The solitary cabins of Nepi, however, were as deserted as the ruins of ancient grandeur beneath which they crouched. The little street, strewn with scattered straw and fragments of wicker, shewed that the inhabitants had carried carefully off with them their scanty store of provision; and the thirsty soldier in vain searched the hovels for wine or water. At Nepi too they as vainly sought, in order to question them, the aged and infirm, those beings in second childhood, who, in a town suddenly deserted on the approach of an enemy, are generally abandoned to their own fate or the foe's mercy. The air of the Campagna, however, allowed not of longevity.

Unable either to procure information or the

means of allaying their thirst, the troops descended from Nepi, admiring, in its massy ruins, and in the line of aqueduct which here first meets the eye, the advanced post of Roman grandeur. At the foot of the hill which they were descending, the road crossed a bridge thrown over one of those sluggish streams that meander through the marshes. Its course on both sides was concealed, and at the same time marked by a grove, as it were, of those immense rushes which the Romans cultivate to serve as props to their luxuriant vines. Beyond the rushes grazed a herd of the grey, long-horned oxen of the Campagna.

“ *Per Bacco !*” exclaimed Bassi, accompanying this classic oath of the modern Romans with an equally familiar proverb reversed, “ where there are horns there are men.”

Just as he exclaimed the two advanced cavaliers had gained the bridge, and the sound of their horses’ tread upon the arch soon scared the herdsmen whom Bassi expected. Most probably the reader has seen a representation

of these *cacciatori* in the sketches of Pinelli, where the muscle of them and of their steeds is not a little exaggerated. If not, let him figure to himself two stout fellows in jackets and under dresses of bluish velveteen, silken sashes tight around their waists—their legs cased in solid greaves of wood, or in leather equally stout—their heads surmounted by an immense-leaved and picturesque hat,—and armed with long ox-goads—than which, perhaps, Hector had not a more finished or more dangerous spear. To mount their rough steeds, goad their herd together, and set off, steed and oxen at full gallop, was the work of a moment.

Having observed the other side of the stream, and calculated the little danger or likelihood of an ambuscade, Duvivier, ordering a few of his men to follow him, set off himself, from pure love of the chase, in pursuit of the fugitives. It was neither Bassi's duty nor his intention to follow him; but the steed on which he was mounted, an old dra-

gooner, thought otherwise, and led Signor Bassi, most reluctantly, in pursuit of his countrymen. These worthies finding themselves closely pressed by the infidel Frenchmen, the enemies of the church and of the Holy Virgin, began to mutter their prayers to St. Antonio, the chosen saint of beasts and beast-tenders, and reminded his saintship, *en passant*, that they paid no less than half a *scudo* for the blessing of the said herd, by or in the name of his saintship, on his last feast:—All in vain,—St. Antonio was otherwise occupied; and their enemies were at their heels. Finding this, the herdsmen turned right about—couched their spears—and singling out each an enemy—spurred their coursers gallantly to the charge.—Many a shout at the moment, half-stifled with laughter, warned Bassi to beware; for the steeds of the herdsmen, shunning an encounter with the waving feathers, braided jackets, and glittering sabres of the Chasseurs, both made for the dark, rotund figure of Bassi, as the least fearful antagonist. Duvivier

saw the danger of the advocate, and swerved towards him in time to intercept one of the enemy, parrying the spear, and inflicting on the head of the passing herdsman a blow with the flat of his sabre which brought him to the ground. The other made straight at Bassi, and, with a steady aim, drove his spear through the very space which the body of the advocate should have occupied; but through fear or prudence it had already forsaken the saddle. The spear penetrated only between the arm and body, and bore poor Bassi rather roughly, but without any mortal mishap, to the ground; the herdsman immediately received the martyrdom he sought, from the sabre of the foremost dragoon.

His fallen comrade was soon surrounded—uplifted—brought to himself—and put to the torture of an interrogatory. In answer, he threatened the French with a huge army betwixt them and Rome—upwards of a million he said, led on by two of the apostles, who had been won from heaven to defend the

Church, by a procession of their heads, and St. Peter's chains.—When pressed further, and scoffed at, he became outrageous; and with feet, arms, and teeth, struggled for liberation.

“Take him off to the General-Commandant,” said Duvivier, to a couple of dragoons; “and let General Berthier have timely notice of the celestial enemies with whom he has to cope. I should be glad also of further orders, in case this fellow's tale should contain any truth.”

“M———,” said Bassi, who had by this time re-adjusted himself, using a very untranslatable expression—“the army will meet—I venture to wager—but a body of crimson-legged prelates, with the keys of the Porta del Popolo in their hands.”

“May be so, but, *parbleu*, I should not be surprised if the *San Pietro*, the fellow threatens us with, were no other than Provera, or some Austrian tactician, come to drill the Pope's flock for slaughter. If so, I've seen his saintship's back ere now. But, Sig-

nor Advocate, how 'scaped you the spear of yon Roman warrior, which seemed to bode you no good?"

"A thousand thanks to you, Colonel, I 'scaped one—the other did but endamage my habit of Arpino frieze, less valuable than my skin. However, I'll take care to serve my next campaign upon an Italian steed. This Gallic courser snuffs peril as a dog the chase, or a brigand his prey. And but that I discredit utterly the story of yon dismounted ox-chaser, this moment should see me descend."

"*Come vi piace*," said Duvivier, resuming the route, as well as his usual careless whistle, not without some hopes that an enemy might appear to keep his horse in wind, and his sabre-arm in practice.

Without further incident, the advanced-guard proceeded—mounting and descending the hillocks of the Campagna, and hoping that every fresh eminence would afford some glimpse of Rome. A little after mid-day, they reach-

ed the few houses which form the village of La Storta, from which the road into Rome is a continual descent. Some distance in front, Duvivier had orders to halt for an hour's repose, whilst the main body occupied the village itself. To seek for a sheltered spot was useless; so dismounting about a mile in advance of La Storta, Duvivier and his officers set about discussing a store of fowl and orvietto, which they had procured for the emergencies of the Campagna.

"But where the deuce can this city be?" cried Duvivier, impatient at not yet having had a glimpse of it. "Yonder is that eternal desert, which I am sick of. Where is Rome?"

"Far to the right," said Bassi, "hidden from us by this little chain of hills, at the foot of which it lies. An hour's march will gratify your longings, especially as I see no sign of our friend the ox-chaser's army, and its redoubtable leaders."

At this moment several of the *éclaireurs*, or reconnoitring party sent in advance, were

seen to return at full gallop. All the troop were on foot in an instant, bridle in hand, and ready to mount. They merely, however, came to announce the approach of a few horsemen with a flag of truce. Duvivier, mindful of the order he had received, that no more embassies should be admitted, in order to avoid as much as possible all further explanation respecting the intentions of the French, sprung on horseback, and, accompanied by some of his officers, advanced to meet the Prince Belmonte, who proved to be the bearer of the flag.

After the customary salutations, the Prince begged to speak with General Berthier, on the part of his Holiness Pius the Sixth.

Duvivier pleaded the positive order of his general, to permit no more envoys to enter the camp, adding, that General Berthier's proclamations, promising protection and security to the Church and other ranks, contained all that the French had to declare.

“ His Holiness then,” said the Prince,

“ may construe this as an order to yield himself up to the discretion of the French general.”

Duvivier was silent.

The Prince continued:—“ It is needless, perhaps, to plead in such times as these the cause of religion, or the sacro-sanctity of its chief. My mission here is to inform General Berthier, that military offence or resistance form not the weapons nor the custom of the Church, and to express a hope that the French army have not come prepared for the inglorious act of oppressing the unarmed.”

“ It had been wished, sir,” said Duvivier, in answer, “ that this inglorious act had been avoided by the troops of the sovereign of Rome, when they invaded the precincts of our ambassador, fired into his court-yard, and assassinated his friend and our comrade.”

“ The Church,” rejoined the Prince, “ professes an equal abhorrence of the melancholy catastrophe you allude to, and disclaims all participation therein. But I am

not come either to offer, or listen to recrimination. I have but to add, that the keys of Rome, and of the Castle of St. Angelo, are at General Berthier's disposal, whenever he may think fit to take possession of them."

Duvivier bowed, adding, that he would report the message to his General. And the Prince turned to retrace his steps to Rome.

As the hour of halt elapsed, the Commander-in-chief, accompanied by his suite, joined the advanced-guard. Though not a little proud of enacting the part of the modern Brennus, there could scarcely be any one less calculated from personal appearance to represent the fierce Gaul than Berthier. So far was he from bearing any resemblance to his savage prototype, that, in manner, appearance, and even in the research of the toilette, he had all the air of a modern *petit maitre*. Vain and romantic, he sought to rival, not only in his military but amorous adventures, the heroes of *Astrea*; and his extravagant attachment

to a fair Marchioness of Lombardy, was ridiculed throughout the army, and compared with many a joke to the loves of Dunois and Dorothée.

General Berthier, too, was haughty ; and though risen from the lower ranks of the Republican army, he had all the aristocratic qualities and propensities of the old regime. This, as well as his regularity and courage, endeared him to Buonaparte : his present mission was owing to his interest with that general, although, indeed, it seemed but due to the heroic gallantry which he had displayed at Rivoli, where he harangued the troops, and led them to the charge like a true general of antiquity. The young and brave Visconti was at his side in the quality of aid-de-camp ; and such was the state of morals and honour in this unhappy land, that the young Italian noble did not blush to owe his rank and the favour of the General, to the acknowledged charms of his parent, who reckoned Berthier amongst her most passionate admirers.

“ Well, Duvivier,” said Berthier, “ Belmonte has been here.”

“ Yes, General; and offers the keys of both the city and St. Angelo.”

“ And will give up St. Peter’s own, if you demand them,” added Bassi.

“ And what think you of all this, Signor ?” said Berthier, addressing the latter.

“ Citizen-General, that nought remains, but that you should march straight to the Capitol, and proclaim the Republic.”

“ Hold, good Signor; that be your commission. Now is the time to put in effect your promises if you hope for our protection. The army encamps without the walls; it comes not to change, but to second the wishes of the Roman people. You understand me ?”

“ I understand,” said Bassi, “ that my neck is in no small peril.”

“ Think of the fasces, degenerate Roman ! more scruples lose them.”

The cry of *en avant* was soon heard from the ranks, which grew thicker every moment,

and pushed on, occupying the hills on each side of the road. The news of Belmonte's offer of submission had removed all fear of resistance and necessity of precaution. Instead of restraining the men, the officers could scarce restrain their own eagerness ; and footmen and cavaliers were seen scampering to the top of every eminence, endeavouring to catch a view of the city. In the meantime the General satisfied his own impatience, and that of those around him, by setting off at a small trot from the place of halt down the hill. From their confusion, eager look-out, enthusiasm, and noisy ejaculation, the advanced troop, had it not been for their military accoutrements, might have been mistaken for a party eagerly in pursuit of the chase. Their speed soon brought them to the little elevated sarcophagus, miscalled the tomb of Nero. This was too insignificant to stop them : but they had not proceeded a quarter of a mile in advance, when the whole army, as if by one accord, halted, and sent forth a cheer. Rome

and the echoes of old Latium, had not replied to such a shout for many a century.

The Flaminian way, which the troops took, approaches the city by a gradual circuit around the old Etrurian hills, which guard it towards the west. Offering, for a long space, but an open and little interesting view of the Campagna towards Frascati and the Tusculan hills, it commences at the tomb of Nero to turn gradually upon Rome, disclosing by degrees the city, which seems to advance to the left, and marshal itself forth to the view.

The northern and eastern extremities of the city first presented themselves, while the Claudian aqueduct, before seen but indistinctly, or in perspective, now displayed its long line of arches, stretching, like an interminable mammoth, its huge limbs across the Campagna. To these rapidly succeeded the spires of the inhabited parts of the city, thicker and more crowded, but as distinct from the cold, blue, February sky which intervened. Amongst them was visible the square tower that rises

from the Capitol, but, emblematic of the famed spot from which it springs, lost amid the more ambitious pinnacles of church and convent. The evening sun shone gaily upon every spire, and lit up with crimson the white streets and scattered palaces of the city. Last appeared St. Peter's, towering above all, and surmounting even the pine-clad Janiculum, at the foot of which it rose. The Monte Mario closed the scene to the right ; and, by the single mansion and solitary grove of firs upon the summit, Berthier knew it as the site which he had been advised to select for his camp.

Whilst a detachment of light troops were ordered to quit the road, and march by the summit of the hills to occupy the Monte Mario, the General, at the head of his army, advanced towards Rome. Upon the last eminence of the road, at the foot of which runs the Tiber, there was another general halt. Although scarcely an inhabitant was visible on their side of the river, yet the Ponte Molle which crossed it, and all the road which led

from it to the city, appeared covered with people. Before the French came full in sight, the murmurs of the Roman populace here collected had been wafted to their ears by intervals; but whether such were the breath of fear or indignation was difficult to ascertain. As the tricolor flag and glittering bayonets were seen quitting the direct road to wind along the summit of the hills towards the Monte Mario and the Castle of St. Angelo, there seemed to arise a disturbance amongst the crowd, mingled with exclamations. But as soon as the French appeared upon the eminence which descended to the bridge, the still silence of expectation reigned throughout the multitude. It seemed collected by mere motives of curiosity. No signs of defence appeared—no sentinel nor arms were remarked upon the little turreted gate that guards the Ponte Molle. On the contrary, white handkerchiefs, and such green boughs as the season afforded, waved in token of peace and submission.

Berthier gave orders to advance, and as his

troops obeyed, a procession of Roman clerics advanced from the bridge to meet them. The crucifix led the way, followed by three cardinals in copes and stockings of scarlet, with cap in hand ; their heads, where the silver hair shone in contrast with the scarlet tonsure, bowed, according as the spectator might please to interpret, either to the crucifix or the French leader. The principal prelate, he who bore the keys of Rome and of the castle, was a diminutive but elegant little figure. He had risen from a bed of sickness to perform the melancholy and humiliating task of surrender, and—Fortune, such are thy freaks !—his name was Doria.

Berthier, uncovered too, received the prelates with an air of feigned encouragement. He took the keys of St. Angelo, refusing the others, and declaring that he had no need of aught but what was necessary to the security of his army. One party dreaded, the other avoided further explanation. But when the prelates turning, stretched forth their hands,

obsequiously pointing the way to Rome, General Berthier declined the tacit invitation. He accompanied them to the Ponte Molle without crossing it ; and then, ordering his troops to take the road along the right bank of the river towards Monte Mario, he galloped off with his suite to the destined place of encampment.

CHAPTER II.

“Sextus Tarquinius, Sextus Nero, Sextus et iste :
Semper sub Sextis perdita Roma fuit.”

Epigram upon Alexander the Sixth.

No Pope ever wore the Roman tiara under more trying circumstances than Pius the Sixth. Possessed, like his unfortunate contemporary, Louis the Sixteenth, of all those amiable and philanthropic qualities which, upon a throne of the preceding century, would have made him the happiest and most beloved of monarchs, he found himself seated in the chair of St. Peter, at a time when such princely qualities in a pontiff were grievously misplaced. The Catholic sovereigns of Europe, who of old had confined their resistance to matters of supremacy and ecclesiastical inde-

pendence, now commenced more serious hostility by curtailing the revenues of the Holy See. Every year Pius had to hear and to submit to some new encroachment on his purse as well as his dignity; and the reforms of the kind which, in the Emperor and his brother Leopold, were the effects of enlightened and philosophic principle, were imitated by the mean governments of Venice and Naples, from mere motives of parsimony and spite.

Amid this unavoidable decay of pontifical power, it would have required either the patient resignation of the monk, or the liberal apathy of the philosopher, to have guided the bark of St. Peter without precipitating its destruction. And such were the opposite characters of the two Popes, Rezzonico and Ganganelli, who had preceded Braschi—and, in comparison with whom, the variable, vain, prodigal, and often impeachable character of Pius, presented a contrast very disadvantageous to the latter. Pius the Sixth was indebted for his elevation to the pontificate to the

ministers of France and Spain, whose darling and essential point to carry in ecclesiastical matters, was the destruction of the Jesuits. The philosophy of Ganganelli had satisfied them by a bull abolishing the order ; and, after his untimely death, owing, as it is believed, to that very decree, their aim must have been to elevate a successor who would perfect, at least would not overthrow, the good deed which Ganganelli had begun. But, alas ! the conclave afforded not another philosopher ; and, after many months of uncertainty and intrigue, Braschi, in the absence of a better, was elected through the influence of France and Spain, upon the essential condition of shewing no favour to the Jesuits. Thus, at the very time when the Holy See stood most in need of support, it found ranged with its opponents that very order of men which was almost alone capable of defending it against so many and such powerful enemies.

In this state of things the period of Pius's pontificate was inevitably one of degradation

to the Church ; and even long before the French revolution broke forth, enough of misfortune had befallen Rome beneath his government to give truth to the superstitious dread which the Romans entertain of any Pope who was the Sixth of his name. Not only was the diminution of foreign revenue to the Holy See, caused by the reform of the Emperor Joseph and his imitator, felt throughout the Roman state, but the fruitless journey of the Pope to Vienna, which, in the eyes of his subjects, compromised his dignity, as well as the refusal of the feudal steed which the court of Naples was accustomed to present as a yearly homage to the Pope. These wounds to Roman pride added perhaps more than any substantial losses to the unpopularity of Pius. His private character too, although, as we have said, endowed with the ostentatious and philanthropic qualities which would have made him adored if prosperous, was still little calculated to stand against the scrutiny of the discontented. His honesty and upright-

ness were more than compromised by his conduct with respect to the LePri inheritance. His prodigality, both with respect to himself and towards his nephews, peculiar objects of hatred, was highly odious at a time when he was adding immense sums to the debt of the apostolic chamber. And the money which he spent in draining the Pontine marshes and renewing the Appian road, was not contributed to with much pleasure by his subjects, avaricious and ever more fond of amusement than of improvement. Amidst many just subjects of reprehension against Pius, this draining of the marshes, the proudest and most praiseworthy act of his life, has been singled out as the chief accusation against him. Had any other than a pontiff, Napoleon for instance, undertaken the enterprise, the world had rung with his boldness and philanthropy. As the event has proved, the papal treasures were far better spent in reclaiming the marshes, than if they had been preserved a sacred deposit for the rapacity of the French.

The revolution in France, whose extravagance so outran the hopes of philosophy, had soon the effect of frightening the Pope and his bickering enemies, into an alliance for mutual support. So early as 1792, when General Anselm took possession of Nice, the papal nuncios strove to excite a crusade of the different courts against France. And in the following campaigns, the keys of St. Peter were frequently seen in concert with the imperial eagles, opposing the progress of the French. But the peculiar enmity of the latter was excited against the Holy See, by a tumult which took place at Rome, in January, 1793. Bassville, attached to the French embassy at Naples, had taken a journey to Rome accompanied by some naval officers, his compatriots. They, no doubt, thought it their duty to disseminate the principles of republicanism amongst the Romans. Several meetings were held for this purpose, at the Villa Medici, under pretence of taking measures for bettering the condition of the French

artists. The Roman people, all alive at that time to the cause of religion, became very jealous of the movements of its enemies. And, at length, when Bassville and his friends had the impudence to mount the tricolor cockade in traversing the streets of Rome, they dragged him from his carriage and massacred him, with bigoted and strange shouts of "St. Bartlemi for ever."

There were soon, however, other than anti-republican tumults amongst the people. The increase of taxes and of paper money, together with the great exportation of provisions carried on by Prince Braschi, who sold them not only to his allies, the Austrians, but even to the French when they paid a better price, gave rise to serious disturbances. The Braschi palace was more than once besieged, and nearly fired. Seeing the distress of the state, the Pope had in consequence forbidden the amusements of the Carnival to the Romans for some years. In the beginning of 1795, the populace appeared in masks, in defiance

of this ordination, besieged the principal palaces, and were not without great difficulty appeased. Such was the unquiet and distressed state of Rome, when Buonaparte, in his proclamation from Milan in the year 1796, pointed out to his army what they might look to as the end of their campaigns.

“To re-establish the Capitol,” said he, “to place there, with honour, the statues of those heroes who have rendered it so celebrated, to awaken the Roman people benumbed by ages of slavery—such, soldiers, shall be the fruit of your victories !”

The victorious General soon after formed the blockade of Mantua ; Naples had just signed the preliminaries of peace with France, and the unfortunate Pope was left to stand alone against his enemies. The despatches from the Directory to the General were every day more urgent in commanding him to invade and occupy the patrimony of St. Peter, Lareveillere Lepaux, then one of the directors, having founded a sect and a reli-

gion, which he sought to establish on the ruins of the Papal. At length, in June 1796, Augereau passed the Po at Borgo Porte: Bologna, Urbino, and Ferrara, soon surrendered. The pontiff, thus pressed, despatched the Chevalier Azzara to Bologna to obtain an armistice. This the Chevalier obtained for the Roman court, but at the expense of the legations of Bologna and Ferrara, the town and territory of Ancona, which were ceded to the French, together with twenty-one millions of French livres, and, what was most humiliating, all the celebrated objects of art that adorned the Vatican.

The feeble character of Pius, of timidity only equalled by its rashness, soon involved him in fresh difficulties. His terrors had precipitated him into this ignominious peace; and upon the first news of the French experiencing a reverse of fortune, his confidence led him again to acts of hostility. Learning the approach of Wurmser, with a fresh army from the Tyrol, Buonaparte had raised the siege

of Mantua, and the first efforts of the Austrian General had been successful. This slight glimpse of fortune was sufficient to determine Pius. In spite of the representations of Azara, he despatched a vice-legate to retake possession of Ferrara. The French commissioners at Rome were insulted; and once, whilst occupied in viewing the forum of Trajan, they narrowly escaped sharing the fate of Bassville. The splendid victories gained by the French at Arcole and Rivoli, at last opened the eyes of the Roman pontiff; but it was too late. A letter from Cardinal Busca, the Roman Secretary of State, addressed to Albani the Nuncio at Vienna, had been intercepted, and the hostile machinations of the Pope clearly discovered to Buonaparte.

The French army, in consequence, once more invaded the dominions of his Holiness, whose little army, swelled by peasantry and priests, made a memorable stand against their enemies between Imola and Faenza. The Romans fought with a gallantry and despera-

tion worthy of their ancient fame, but were in the end obliged to give way to numbers and superior discipline. The French took possession of Ancona, plundered Loretto, and had proceeded as far Tolentino, on the road to Rome, when they were met by the Pope's nephew, by Cardinal Mattei, and other messengers of peace from his Holiness. Here Napoleon certainly treated the Pope with mildness and moderation. The treaty of Tolentino, signed February 1797, was scarcely more than a ratification of the former terms; the only additional penalty inflicted on the Pope being that, instead of sixteen millions of livres yet unpaid, the sum of thirty-one should be substituted. The treaty of Campo Formio, between the French and Austrians, which left Lombardy to the former, and gave Venice to the latter, was signed in October of the same year. General Buonaparte quitted the scene of his early victories for Paris; whilst his brother Joseph, as ambassador from the republic, took up his residence at Rome.

Such is a succinct account of the state of Rome, and of the events which humbled it, down to a few months previous to the time at which this narrative commences.

Peaceable intentions on the part of the French towards the Pope seem to have been guaranteed by the choice of the new ambassador. Of mild and easy manners, domestic, and averse to intrigue, Joseph Buonaparte seemed of all men the most calculated to preserve whole the very precarious bond that united the Holy See at once to the French republic and to political existence. But this easy temper of the ambassador, which rendered him neglectful as well as ignorant of the duties of his situation, was the very cause of that catastrophe which brought on the subversion of the Roman government. Cacault, the active minister that preceded Joseph, had seconded the Papal police actively and sincerely, in keeping down the spirit of republicanism and revolt, fast spreading amongst the middling orders. By his indications even the

principal malcontents had been arrested. The first consequence of the entry of the new ambassador, was the liberation of all those confined for political offences, chiefly those very malcontents, who naturally concluded that any further designs they might form would meet with aid and approval from that power to which they owed their liberation. Another circumstance that favoured insurrection, and greatly impeded the efforts of the Roman police, was the enormous immunities and privileges of ambassadors resident at Rome. In imitation of the cardinals they possessed a large district, over which they really exercised sovereign power. All criminals who fled thither were under the ambassador's protection; and no Papal force could enter upon such district on any account whatsoever. That quarter of Rome, now chiefly inhabited by English travellers, was of old the district of the Spanish envoy; and the Chevalier Azzara was remarkable for the strict zeal with which he defended the immunities of his district,

still known by the name of Piazza di Spagna. —The residence of Joseph was then *trans Tiberim*, in the Corsini palace, situated in the modern street called the Lungara. Its gardens, the most beautiful in Rome, stretch up to the summit of the Janiculum, affording the finest prospect that can be taken of the city. It was not, most likely, through mere chance, that the French ambassador took up his residence among the Trasteverini, who so differ from the inhabitants of the more modern quarters of the city, and who boast themselves the only descendants of the ancient Romans. But this, like most classic motives for modern action, was a grievous blunder; those descendants of the old republicans being the most bigoted citizens, and, in spite of their partial murmurs, the most attached to the cause of religion, and of the Papal government. The district of the French ambassador, however, soon became the rendezvous and the shelter of the factious. Our friend Bassi, Bonelli, Angelucci, and the other lately liberated

republicans, made the Corsini palace their almost perpetual residence. The Pope, on his side too, instead of adhering to a fixed line of conduct, shewed a tendency to resent and re-criminate. He hesitated to acknowledge the Cisalpine republic ; and the command of the Papal troops was entrusted to Provera, an Austrian General, until the peremptory remonstrances of Joseph compelled his dismissal.

During the festivities of Christmas the Roman republicans completed their plans and determined on execution. Not to implicate the French ambassador, their meetings on the twenty-sixth first took place in the neighbourhood of the Villa Medici upon the Pincian, then occupied by the French artists. A deputation from them upon that evening, made their appearance at the Corsini palace, but were coldly received by Joseph. On the morning of the twenty-seventh the ambassador drove early to the Vatican, in order to represent to Cardinal Doria, then Secretary of State, the

approaching insurrection, which the Cardinal either was, or affected to be ignorant of. During the absence of the ambassador the conspirators collected before his palace; and the insurrection broke forth in the Lungara. A party of them advanced to the attack of the Ponte Sisto, but were repulsed by a body of troops which Grivelli, the Governor of Rome, had collected upon the first noise of the tumult. When repulsed, the insurgents retreated on the Corsini palace; and at this moment the carriage of Joseph was returning from the Vatican. They surrounded it and earnestly invoked the protection of the ambassador, amidst a dreadful tumult and cries of *Viva la Repubblica*. At length Joseph gained admittance to the palace; and, as a squadron of Papal dragoons were seen advancing, the crowd of insurgents rushed in along with the carriage into the court-yard of the palace.

In the meantime Joseph Buonaparte had gone to his apartments for the sake of changing his dress; and, the more to impose

both on the mob and their opponents, of assuming his official costume and all the ornaments of his rank. While he was thus employed, a discharge of musketry was heard. It was the Papal troops firing upon the insurgents, through the portico of the palace. Upon the noise, Joseph, accompanied by Generals Duphot, Sherlock, Beauharnois, and others, and indignant at this violation of his district, rushed down to the court. He ordered Beauharnois to endeavour to quiet the insurgents, whilst he himself, with Sherlock and Duphot, advanced to the Papal soldiers. It was vain endeavouring to be heard amidst the vociferations of enraged Italians. The ambassador and his friends drew their swords, and, by mingled threats and entreaties, caused the soldiers to retire towards the gate of the Lungara leading to the Vatican. At length a shot from the Papal ranks pierced the bosom of the gallant Duphot. He fell. The fury of the Romans was excited instead of being allayed by the sight of his blood; and Joseph and

Sherlock were obliged to make a precipitate retreat by a back way to the gardens of the palace. The conquerors were contented with dividing the spoils of Duphot; and retired satisfied with the triumph they had obtained.

The fate of Duphot was rendered more melancholy by the circumstance, that he was to have been married the very day after to the sister of the ambassador. The body was with difficulty recovered from the mob; and Joseph, as he looked upon the mangled remains of his friend, consoled himself with the prospective vengeance of annihilating the Popedom. He demanded passports, which were granted with some delay by the trembling government of Rome; and departed with all the French, and most of the Roman republicans for Florence. His indignant despatch from thence to the Directory found them delighted at the pretext, and not slow to vengeance. Orders were immediately forwarded to Berthier to march on Rome.

The month that elapsed between the de-

parture of Joseph and the hostile coming of Berthier, was spent by the Roman government in an agony of fear, and in vain declarations, and endeavours to pacify the anger of those whom they had insulted. The official journals of his Holiness even gave notice of fêtes in honour of the French. The people, in the meantime, were in commotion, though to what end they scarcely knew. The Pope and French were alike odious to the very lower orders; but the approach of the latter was equally desired by the middling ranks, who longed to try once more their old republic. The republican wits covered Pasquin with epigrams; even religious zeal was turned against the Pope; and a prophetess, called Lebrousse, poured forth, like another Cassandra, assurances of destruction, which it required little power of prophecy to foretel.

CHAPTER III.

“Gloriosa Colonna, in cui s'appoggia
Nostra speranza, e'l gran nome Latino.”

PETRARCA.

FOR five days the French army remained encamped upon the Monte Mario, tranquilly contemplating the city, which nothing prohibited them from entering, except the policy of their chief. “*Parbleu*, one would think it was Mantua,” said Duvivier. “The General waits without the walls,” said another, “in classic taste, to demand the honour of a triumph.”—“Be easy,” said the *Chef d’escadron*, Walter, a shrewd and blunt Irishman in the French service, to whose keeping the Castle of St. Angelo was afterwards committed, and who subsequently distinguished himself

at Hohenlinden—"it is but just to give the old fox of a Pope law and fair play, in case he wishes to break cover."—Such, perhaps, was Berthier's view; but Pius, whom his friend the Cardinal of York might have deterred from such a step by the example of our James, stood his ground in the Vatican, nor interrupted once the evening orisons, which he was accustomed to pour forth regularly beneath the famed bronzed statue of St. Peter, his chosen and his patron saint.

At length, in the morning of the fifteenth, the acclamations of an assembled multitude resounded in the Campo Vaccino.—The intrigues of Bassi and his friends were crowned with success. Rome was declared a republic, and Consuls were elected to the number of seven, to be the executive magistrates of the new Commonwealth. *Cittadino* Bassi was not forgotten amongst the number, nor his friend Bonelli. Splendid fasces, ready gilt and prepared, soon made their appearance before each *Console Romano*; and while some proceeded

to the important task of planting a tree of liberty in the square of the Campidoglio, the rest repaired to the camp of Berthier to claim his countenance of their proceeding, and to crave his entry into free Rome.

Berthier, whose taste for fanfaronade excelled even that of his countrymen, received the deputation with honours worthy of the Bruti and the Ciceros. He put his whole army in motion, and gave instant orders for entering the city with due magnificence and parade. He himself advanced at its head—made his entry amidst cries of *Vivano i Francesi, Viva la Repubblica Romana*—and, in all the glory of flags and trumpets, ascended to the square of the Capitol. The chief officers of the army, the Consuls, and principal personages of Rome who favoured the revolution, occupied this square, in the midst of which, a little in front of the equestrian statue of Marcus Aurelius, arose the newly planted tree, covered with flowers and ribands, in lieu of leaves. The soldiery and populace to-

gether, crowded the large street or square at the foot of the Capitoline descent, and filled the air with acclamations. Whilst on the summit of Ara Coeli that overlooked the Capitol, crowning the steps of church and convent, stood not the least remarkable spectators of the ceremony, in their snuff-coloured gowns and tonsured heads, the mendicant Franciscans, equally astonishing and astonished.

After burning incense before the symbolic tree, and some other mummeries of the kind, Berthier ascended the steps of the Senator's palace, and thus spoke:—

“Manes of Cato, of Pompey, of Brutus, of Cicero, and of Hortensius, receive the homage of free Frenchmen in that Capitol where ye have so often defended the rights of the people, and rendered illustrious the Roman Republic.

“These children of the Gauls, the olive of peace in their hands, approach this august spot to re-establish here the altars of liberty reared by the first Brutus.

“ And you, Roman people, in recovering your legitimate rights, have felt the blood that flows in your veins ;—ye have cast your eyes on the monuments of glory which surround you, and will resume your pristine grandeur and the virtues of your ancestors.”

Loud shouts followed this spirited invocation of the shades of Cato and Hortensius ; although not a few demanded of their neighbours who this latter personage might be. The ceremony concluded, Berthier was escorted by the Consuls to his quarters, which he took up for the present at the Villa Madamer. They themselves chose the Papal palace on the Quirinal for their residence ; whilst the French troops were scattered throughout the city ; the chief officers lodging each at the palace of one of the principal nobles. Amongst the rest, Duvivier found himself directed to the Colonna palace, in the square of the *Santi Apostoli*.—The young officer, who was not ignorant either of Italian literature or history, was delighted to find the mansion and family

of the Colonnas, so celebrated in both, then under his protection. As he rode across Trajan's Forum, the short distance between the Campidoglio and the palace, and beneath that famed column which is said to have given its name to the Colonna family, supposed coeval with its foundation, he figured to himself the aged prince receiving the French intruder with Roman pride and Italian distrust ;—and with all his generous intentions, Duvivier yet armed himself for the occasion with a double portion of *fierte*.†

As yet, however, there was no need of such. Duvivier and his troop found themselves within the immense court of the palace ; not a single domestic having yet made his appearance. A horn of old romance would have been here a desirable object : the shouts of a body of dragoons formed a less romantic but as loud a substitute—in vain. So, interpret-

†“ Trajanus Imperator fuit patria Tudertinus : et ipse plantavit nobilissimam domum *de Columna* in urbe Roma.”

Olimpiodoro Hama, apud Corona, della Nobilta d' Italia.

ing silence as consent, they proceeded to quarter themselves and their steeds in the spacious stables, that formed what we should call the ground-floor of the palace. Duvivier, Walter, and the other officers, in the meantime entered, and ascended the great staircase. After some time spent in traversing corridors and antichambers, they at length discovered an old domestic bent over a brazier of live charcoal, which stood in the midst of the apartment.

“Holla, old fellow, did you not hear?”

“Aeh,” answered the questioned, scarce turning himself round to behold the questioner.

“Where is the Prince?”

“In the country.”

“And the domestics?”

“Gone to see the *Funzione Francese*.”

“*Funzione!*—what does the fellow mean?”

“Why, Berthier’s high mass, to be sure,” said Walter; “it is all the same to them who is the priest, or what is worshipped, provided there be but a spectacle.”

“Do you wish to see the pictures—the gallery?” said the old man, pulling out a bundle of keys.

“Pictures, indeed! No, old chap, we want to see soup, meat, wine, chambers, and good beds, with a blazing fire of wood in a Christian chimney—not your damned saucepan of cinders there.”

As Major Walter thus came forth with the several items of his demand, the face of the old domestic lengthened and kindled in proportion. Standing up with the brazier between him and the enemy, and holding its little shovel in his left hand, he shook his right with the forefinger stretched out, the action by which Italians denote positive refusal.

“*Ohibò,*” cried old Domenico, “*in casa Colonna non restano forestieri,*”—foreigners shall not take up their abode in the house of the Colonna.

“Knock the fellow down,” cried some, and raised their sheathed sabres for the purpose.

“Hold,” said Duvivier, “let us pacify the

old domestic.—Believe me, old man, we come but to protect thy master.”

“Protect!” said Domenico, still grasping his shovel, “I’m old enough to remember Lobcovito and his dragoons, and know what foreign soldiers mean by protection.”

The old domestic was very near gaining by his fidelity a drubbing, at least a blow, when his comrades entered at the moment. They had returned from the ceremony at the Capitol, the *Funzione*, as Domenico called it, and had hurried up on seeing and speaking with the dragoons. They approached the officers with all humility, muttering forth excuses, and promising that every thing demanded should be forthwith procured for their *eccellenzas*.

“*Razza vile d’oggi*,” said Domenico, beholding their humble officiousness, “never could it be said before that an enemy was welcomed in trembling by the followers of Colonna.”

Having procured, through the more obsequious part of the household, all the conveni-

encies and refreshments they required, the officers, as soon as the produced number of wine-flasks stood empty before them, began to experience the ennui of a barrack-room, and to debate how they should best relieve it. The general voice was to repair to the principal *café*, see how the journals treated, the inhabitants beheld them, and thence to explore some of the wonders of the mighty city. Just as they had arisen to further this resolve, a horseman arrived with orders from the General. They intimated that the Coliseum was to be brilliantly illuminated that evening, and that it required a strong guard in attendance, not only to honour the festivities, but to prevent any disturbance which, in such a crisis, was doubly to be dreaded. In fine, they entrusted this duty to Duvivier.

“Guard fireworks, indeed!” cried he. “I had rather fight ten Wurmsers than *gendarme* a populace at a show. See here, comrades, the *beau Dunois*, and his friend, the tun-bellied Gracchus of a consul, have bethought

themselves of honouring the birth of Roman liberty, that hopeful babe, by illuminating the Coliseum. We are herein ordered to guard the greasepots; and, let us see, are to be on duty half an hour before sunset. Holla, old grumbler, Domenico they call you."

"*Si.*"

"And closely thou seem'st to imitate that grisly saint, thy namesake."

"*Aeh!* I would I were a Dominican for your sake."

"Doubtless, and Grand Inquisitor. But tell me, what o'clock may it be?"

"How should I know?" then looking out for a moment, as the old domestic's prejudice against the young stranger was gradually giving place to something like liking—" *Sono le vente-tre almeno*"—'tis at least twenty-three o'clock.

"*Vente-tre,*" exclaimed Duvivier, "*allons, voyons,* we've but half an hour. Walter, see those fellows turn out below."

Leaving a guard to keep possession of his

comfortable quarters, fifteen minutes had not elapsed ere Duvivier, and the greater part of his regiment, were on their way to the Coliseum.

There he found Berthier himself, admiring this mighty remnant of antiquity, and arranging with the Consul Bassi the best mode of giving effect to the illumination. This proved rather a perplexing enterprise. The Coliseum had been chosen merely for its name and antiquity, although even upon such grounds the site was not very appropriate, the amphitheatre of Titus being any thing except a monument of Roman liberty. This, however, might have been overlooked, if the situation of the old fabric had at all answered the purpose for which it had been chosen. This it did not anywise, as the only sound and perfect part of the building was turned away from the Forum and the city, whence it might be visible; and was, moreover, faced and completely hidden by the Esquiline hill, which rose immediately in front. The Romans who prided, and pride themselves much more upon their

skill in fire-works, illuminations, and other spectacles, than upon their love of freedom, were secretly well pleased with this failure of the French. “*Sono bravi i Francesi, ma,*” said the Roman, as he heroically shook his forefinger, “*non intendono i fuochi d’artificio.*” There are little municipal hobby-horses of this kind in every town in Italy, of extreme importance, however trifling they may seem ; inasmuch as, by flattering the inhabitants on these points, any power may almost rule them as it will.

The Commander-in-chief of the French forces was irritated that the illumination did not answer his expectations, and he accordingly rated the Roman Consul in abusive French, which the Consul wisely pretended not to understand. The scene, the events, and the personages, did not fail to offer their due portion of the ridiculous to Duvivier. His guards and patrols all properly stationed, he had entered the Coliseum, and was indulging his curiosity in examining the skeleton of its interior arrangement,

when interrupted by the altercations of the Consul and the Commander.

“ *Il lui lave la tete, pauvre Consul*, what would the shades of Cato and Hortensius say to this ?”

Such was Duvivier’s reflection, as he mounted from the first to the second gallery of the amphitheatre. Although this upper one is placed but about mid-distance between the foundation and summit of the outer wall, which rises, of course, to a considerable height above it ; still there exist no remains of a gallery or place for spectators above it ; as most likely such, if it ever existed, was temporary, and formed of wood. Thus, the building itself affords no means of attaining its summit. A ladder, however, at this moment, stretched from the gallery to the top, for the purposes of illumination, as at a latter period for the repairs undertaken by Pius the Seventh, when I have seen the pontifical hodmen mount a ladder, with which an English workman would think it unsafe to scale a hen-house, some ad-

venturous travellers of our nation following their example. Just such another did the curiosity of Duvivier tempt him to ascend.

The sun was about to set : Duvivier's elevation, aided by the unclouded atmosphere, which the Tramontana wind had cleared, enabled him to descry in the horizon, the golden streaks of the Mediterranean, to which the luminary was sinking fast. But this perhaps was fancy. Turning to the south, his eye still keeping the horizon, he observed that brilliant effect which a winter evening at Rome always produces. The Tusculan hills, deprived of the sun's rays, as it declined, presented their dark lines, scarce enlivened by the towns and villas on their side ; whilst the Tiburtine range, at right angles with them, and fronting the west, shone in rich crimson folds, heaped like those of a garment one upon the other. Satiated with this distant prospect, the many aqueducts, and the line of tombs that marked the ancient Appian way, conducted his gaze from the distance back to

the scene that lay around it—the seven hills, and the Roman populace crowding them.

The Forum was as full as ever it could have been upon a day of the ancient Comitæ. It was a plain of heads and hats; and even the columns or ruins of antiquity, that lifted themselves above the crowd, were surmounted by adventurous clamberers, who risked their necks for the sake of bettering their prospect. The Farnese gardens on the Palatine, then not altogether in the state of ruin they are now, shone with gay company, while the convent walks of the opposite Cœlian were covered with ecclesiastics and monks of the different orders,—

“E i neri fraticelli, e i bigi, e i bianchi,”

the black habit of the Dominicans, and the white stole of the Augustinians. Scattered groups of the better citizens occupied the vineyards of the Esquiline;—in short, all the inhabitants of Rome had forsaken their modern habitations in the plain, and trode once

more the hills, the ancient site of Rome, when she subdued and reigned over the world.

When either idle or irritated, an assemblage of Italians are certainly the most noisy people in the universe ; but moved, or occupied, or in expectancy, a stillness often reigns throughout the crowd, equalled only by the hush of a German audience, an overture of Mozart's commencing. Just such a stillness of expectancy at this moment was broken by the Ave-Maria chimes of the city ; not exactly " those evening bells" of the poet, for those of Rome are of a gay, brisk expression, fitter to usher in a feast than a prayer or a sentimental scene. At such an hour did Gibbon, seated amidst the ruins of the Capitol, conceive the first idea of his history ; and at this moment the unsentimental Frenchman, on the summit of the Coliseum, whence

" A thousand years their cloudy wings"

might well expand before him, was simply busied in internal curses upon those peaceful

conquests, that afforded him no chance of rising to be General of division.

Bethinking him that it was silly to remain perched up there for a longer time, he descended the ladder, and was yet upon its lower steps, when he perceived that the comparative stillness began to be interrupted by some unusual rumour. As the noise seemed to proceed from the south, and the quarter of the Lateran, he looked towards it from one of the apertures of the amphitheatre. The shouts redoubled, and the crowd which uttered them seemed advancing in tumult towards the Coliseum from the Lateran, and the Porta St. Giovanni. A short race and a few bounds down the little stair-cases, soon brought Duvivier to the arena of the amphitheatre, where, quickly mounting, he rode out to ascertain what, or raised by whom, was this increasing tumult. As it was impossible to issue from the Coliseum on horseback, but by the entrance most distant from the quarter whence the noise proceeded, the dragoons had

come in contact with the crowd, and had even charged and dispersed it ere Duvivier arrived. The scattered populace, retreating on all sides, did not discontinue their shouts of *Viva Colonna*, mingled with cries, which previous to the attack had been few, but now redoubled, of “*Abasso i Francesi*—Down with the French.”

On the spot whence the dispersion had taken place, Duvivier found his soldiers surrounding a caleche, the only part of the assemblage that had not taken flight; and Forest, a brave but brutal *marechal de logis* of his regiment, uttering coarse menaces seemingly to its occupiers. The servant or courier who preceded the carriage had been unhorsed in the affray, and stood apart trembling; the postilion had dismounted too, and was on his knees supplicating amongst the dragoons, whilst the rich livery of the menials bespoke their master of noble rank. The shouts of the fugitives, however, sufficiently informed Duvivier of the name as well

as of the rank of the personage, and he doubted not, on approaching the caleche, that it contained the Prince Colonna. Setting aside Forest as he advanced, Duvivier demanded, though in as soothing a tone as hurry permitted, the cause of the tumult. The old prince, his head bowed upon his breast, and totally regardless of the bustle, here lifted himself up, and turned his prominent grey eyes full upon the French officer, without uttering a word.

“ If you be a man, protect my father,” cried a female voice from the prince’s side. “ The Prince Colonna but returns from his seat at Palestrina, ignorant of public events, in which, indeed, his state allows him to take little interest. The people moved at his sight, or rather by the remembrance of his name, shouted as he passed ; nor did they, I assure you, sir, utter any expressions of hostility, till your soldiers rushed upon them.— Alas ! sir, pardon in a fallen people the memory of what they were.”

“ I beg, madam, that you will be at ease respecting your own and the prince’s safety;—I can assure you further of such, as my quarters, by a fortunate accident, are in your palace. As to the Roman people, I hope they will be wise enough to feel that the hour of resistance has passed. They can have no warmer friends than we, nor any in whose breasts there is more respect for their ancient state and valour.”

“ I hope so,” said the lady, with an incredulous sigh.

The postilion having by this time recovered his seat, the carriage moved on around the Coliseum, accompanied by Duvivier, in whom the mellow and feeling voice of the Italian lady excited a strong desire of beholding her features more distinctly than the glare permitted; for already the shades of night had fallen, quick almost as a scenic curtain. He wished also to insure their safe conduct to the Colonna palace, by escorting them thither himself, which, however, was impossible till

after the illumination. The great crowd procured for him what his ingenuity had in vain attempted ; for such was the press, that it was impossible for the carriage to proceed farther than the rising ground near the Temple of the Sun and Moon, which fronts the Forum-side of the Amphitheatre. Here, then, the carriage of the prince awaited the dispersal of the crowd. In imitation of the old, and indeed of the present mode of illuminating the dome of St. Peter's, the Coliseum was half-lit—then whole-lit up in an instant by the means of many hundred assistants, flinging a strong and lurid light upon the hills around, and on the Roman crowd, which, in witnessing this celebration of their liberty received at the hands of the Gauls, chiefly filled what once had been the Triumphal Way of their victorious ancestors. The effect of the sudden illumination was more dazzling than fine to the neighbouring spectators, similar in this to the famed illumination of St. Peter's, which, poor and *mesquine*, when viewed from the piazza itself,

forms a sight, splendid beyond comparison, from the Quirinal or any of the distant hills.

The strong glare of an illumination is scarcely the light most becoming to female beauty ; but the features of an Italian, above all, of a Roman lady, which receives so little additional *éclat* from complexion, are independent of light and shade. Those of the daughter of Colonna were cast in the noble mould of her family and country, marked and large, such as in a countenance, devoid of expression, would be accounted coarse. The dark Italian eye, all pupil, was, in her, replaced by one of blue ; which, beneath a long dark eye-lash, and as dark a brow, formed the hereditary mark of the Colonnas. A thin black veil, flung across the head, and confining to the temples her luxuriant curls, was all the head-gear deemed necessary in a chill evening of February.

Duvivier, whose ideal of beauty was the coquetish, pretty, little, made-up set of features of his country, was rather disappointed on beholding the lady's countenance. However,

from that instinctive dread which a Frenchman feels of love or any serious passion, he blessed his stars that the nymph whom he had rescued, and the tone of whose voice had so moved him, possessed no charms likely to disturb his peace. And the thought but served to remove any restraint that he might before have felt in offering his attentions ; but, as he turned to make some trivial remark to the lady, the old prince arose from his stupor, laid his hand upon his daughter, and thus seemingly addressed her—

“ James, my son, beware the French and their alliance. It is thy grandsire Stephen, of an hundred years experience, tells thee. If the Almighty’s vicar forsake Rome, to whom shall she recur but to the Cæsar. Remember thy Ghibelline blood. Trust not the mob, nor the Rienzis, that have spilled our blood like water, and left me in my old days childless. Trust not the French, nor yet their monarchs—their fortunes, like themselves, are fickle. Close on the heel of victory treads

disaster. Italy has been their grave, and will be ever."

"Doubtless, father," said Vittoria, assenting to the fancies of her parent, as the most expeditious way of allaying them. "And you, sir," continued she, laying her hand with Italian freedom on the arm of Duvivier, whose astonishment at such an apostrophe was not unmingled with anger, "entertain no suspicion from what may escape my father's lips. His senses wander, and all Rome can inform you of the malady that oppresses him."

In truth, the mind of Prince Colonna, never very strong, had altogether given way in his latter years. His ruling passion, when sane, and the principal anxiety of his life, was the continuance and renown of his ancient family; and finding himself advanced in years, without other than female issue, was the principal cause of the mental derangement we have described. Passing from long intervals of stupor to moments of excitement—sometimes of sorrow, sometimes of fury—the ruling pas-

sion seemed the cause and the subject of all ; and so absorbed was he in the history of his family, public and private, that, although strictly preserving the consciousness of being a Colonna, he had completely lost all idea of his exact identity, and fancied himself every hour of different centuries and reigns. At one time he was the feudal prince of the middle ages, combating the Lombards, the Saracens, and the Normans. At another, as in the above apostrophe, he was old Stephen the Ghibelline, the friend of Petrarch, and the foe of the Orsini ;—now Marc Antonio the hero of Lepanto—now Fabrizio, unsuccessful but still the hero of Ravenna ; and, as the hands of the unwound clock point right at least once in the twelve hours, he was at times the decayed prince of the eighteenth century, constable of the kingdom of Naples—heirless, powerless, and the last of his race.

After the exertion that had astonished Duvivier, satisfied that his son James, the bishop, whom he addressed, was a convert to his opi-

nion and would follow his advice, he again relapsed into his stupor. Nor did he interrupt the conversation between his daughter and the French officer, as Vittoria explained her father's malady, and thence passed to other topics of discourse, treating all with a depth and earnestness very different from the *badinage* which Duvivier was accustomed to listen to from female mouths. The carriage rolled under the portal of the Colonna palace ere he was well aware.

CHAPTER IV.

“ Loco è, ben sai, ne la città famoso
 Che splendida matrona apre al notturno
 Concilio de' tuoi pari, a cui la vita
 Fora senza di ciò mal grata e vile.

— — — — — Iva la turba
 De la feroce gioventù divina
 Scende a pagnar con le mirabil arme
 Di vaghi giubboncei, d'atti vezzosi,
 Di bei modi del dir stamane appresi;
 Mentre la vanità fra il dubbio marte
 Nobil furor nei forti petti inspira;
 E con vario destin dando e togliendo
 Le combattute palme, alto abbandona
 I leggeri vessilli all'aure in preda.”

La Notte di Parini

IN the more considerable towns of Italy, the society of letters and fashion, there so happily synonymous, is governed by a kind of king or, more generally, queen-bee, whose influence is not only quite distinct from that of the political rulers of the country, but often much more

important. To do the Italians justice, this authority amongst them is not to be usurped by excellence of cook or cellar, but is in general the undisputed meed of rank and fortune joined with intellect and agreeable manners. Ennui to the luckless traveller who visits "the pleasant land," without credentials for being admitted into those favoured circles. He may have introductions to all the reigning sovereigns of Italy, but they and their courts are proverbially bad company; and if he make not one of the group *in casa* —, he is nobody. What pleasure can the Corso or the Scala afford to the luckless visitor of Milan, if he has not gained admittance to the *illustre Bice*, who inspires the muse of the Lombard poets? Who, that had any regard for his character, would visit Florence without paying his respects to the widow of Charles Stuart? Or what pleasure, amidst its unrivalled beauties, has the famed Parthenope to bestow, comparable to an hour's converse with the learned Archbishop of Tarentum?

The queen-bee of Roman society, at the period we speak of, was the Princess of Santa Croce. Her good sense and personal attractions, together with the tact which she possessed of conducting the jarring and often hostile members of a mixed company through an agreeable evening, had made her palace the old neutral ground for the numerous and distinguished diplomatists at Rome. Hither came the witty and elegant Cardinal de Bernis, ambassador of the French king, ere the revolution had broken his spirits and fortune,—the Cavalier D'Azzara, the representative of the Spanish monarch, who preserved his influence, his uprightness, and the general esteem, through all the eventful changes of the times. He has been called, with too much justice perhaps, the last of Spanish cavaliers, of that proud, romantic race, which has proved so fertile a source of admiration and ridicule to our brethren of the pen. As an inhabitant of Rome too, he should not be forgotten as the

patron of the arts, and of Mengs, whose biographer he afterwards became. Here too might have been seen the prelate Stay, the most learned of the Romans, and Palotta, the only philosophic cardinal since Ganganelli. And Mr. Jenkins, the very pink of polite bankers, and the true original of our eloquent auctioneers, equally eloquent upon a cameo or the transfiguration, here expatiated on his latest acquired article of virtù. Amongst them also the Emperor Joseph had displayed his cynic wit, the Emperor Paul his capricious alternation from brutality to politeness, and King Gustavus his poverty and ostentation. Those mighty lions had been succeeded by emigrant birds of other omen, of whom the Abbé Maury, the orator of the constitutional party in France, here metamorphosed into an affected and pompous cardinal, bore pre-eminence, and frightened Roman indifference by furious prophecies soon to be fulfilled.

But Rome would have been too perilous a

sojourn for either Englishmen or French emigrants, after its occupation by the troops of Berthier. And the society of the Casa Santa Croce suffered accordingly. The young Prince, however, a furious admirer of the French and their principles, and consequently of the new Roman Republic, soon filled the void in his mother's conversazionés with the scientific and military new-comers, and the dignitaries of the republic, none of whom, except Duke Bonelli and the learned Ennio Juirino Visconti, had gained admittance there in a private capacity.

To a society so constituted was Duvivier introduced, upon one of the evenings of the time of which we treat. The distinguished individuals above enumerated had all disappeared, except Azzara. Some few of the renegade cardinals, who had abdicated their functions, and sung *Te Deum* in honour of their disgrace, did not blush to appear, deprived of their pomp and costume, under the

humble name of citizens. Though not a gay, it was a full and agitated assemblage: for never were such important tidings, so fraught with hope and fear, whispered and discussed in its conversations. The Pope had been informed that his reign was at an end, and was ordered to retire to Florence. These were the tidings that circulated from mouth to mouth. After exchanging a few words with some of his comrades, Duvivier perceived Bassi making up to him. The Consul seemed to do all in his power to assume the gravity and importance befitting his rank, which was ludicrously counteracted by the high spirits and mirth that his good fortune inspired, and that prompted him every moment to give vent to them in some act of fun or buffoonery.

“*Come sta lei,*” said he to Duvivier: then recollecting that the third person singular was not republican enough, he sunk to the second person plural, in a question which frequently supplies with the Italians our introductory remarks upon the weather, “*Cos’ avete mangiato?*”

“What have I eaten for dinner?” repeated Duvivier, staring at such a question from the Roman consul; “my faith, I do not well remember. *E lei*, and you——?”

The luckless monosyllable of an interrogative had scarcely fallen from the Colonel’s mouth, ere the Roman commenced a plenary account of his dinner from the *minestra* to the *frutto*, *ab ovo usque ad mala*, all of which, the best in their kind, he had been devouring at the table of General Cervoni, lately appointed military-governor of Rome.

“And pray, Signor Console, could you not afford me some more interesting news than the bill of fare of a demolished dinner?”

“*Ma vedete*,” answered Bassi, “your General has infected me. The ancient and the past alone interest me; and I love to ruminate even on the merits of a deceased pasty:—besides, you know we leave politics to the ladies. Their pretty tongues never attracted the suspicions of the *Buon Governo*, nor caused them to be flung into prison as free-

masons. Even now, I suppose, our pious dames may express their sympathy for the Church's misfortunes, without fear of the Castle or the guillotine. But for us, breeched mortals, the *bocca stretta* is not only prudence, but the mode.—I'll act your Cicerone, *Sig-nor mio*, in return for that ugly thrust you parried, if you would become connoisseur, amateur, or antiquarian—and I recommend such a character strongly to your assumption,—if not for amusement, at least for a cloak. Nay, start not, and swear thou hast no need of such: a little dissimulation is neither despicable nor useless even to the boldest characters. Well, if you want to acquire the cant of these fine arts, converse with the Messieurs, or if you would be *gourmand*, or are a lover of women, and seek to know the mysteries of our modern Isis:—for all these trifles and their depths, stick to the males—consult the Messieurs,—in this consists their province. But for politics—matters of state—interest

and importance, cut in with the ladies—consult the Mesdames.—Now, I'll wager with you, Colonel, that all those groups of the grave and the bearded are arguing on no weightier subject than Paisiello or Canova; and that yon constellation of belles, with their satellite cavaliers, are busy discussing the substantial affairs of church and state."

"No doubt, you are right," said Duvivier; "especially as I hear the voice of our learned member of the Institute, Monge, in high argument with the Consul Visconti, on some nonsensical point of antiquities."

"Two of a trade—" said Bassi; "though, heaven knows, cobblers agree better than the learned! Ennio Visconti swears that the Roman Institute shall sit in the Vatican, whilst Monge, who has a malaria-phobia, had rather keep his lungs pure on the Quirinal, and recommends the Consulta."

"Half your assertion is proved. I'll ascertain the other by joining the ladies; but tell

me, who is that young Italian behind the Princess, and directing his conversation to the Signora Colonna?"

"Young Giustiniani, and, though a prince, a democrat outrageous. By his and Santa Croce's air of excuse, I judge they must be treating us Gallicans and republicans with no small censure."

"We'll try. They know me too liberal to interrupt their conversation on my coming. *Mille grazie* for your advice, Consul, perhaps I may do as much for you."

Bassi glided off with a nod of the head, which took full credit for his sagacity; and Duvivier drew near to the knot where the Princess Santa Croce was seated with Vittoria Colonna. The lady of the Senator Rezzonico, a tremendous Roman giantess, as proverbially coarse in parlance as in person, was with them; while young Santa Croce and his friend acted cavaliers.

"Come, Colonel," cried the young prince to Duvivier, as he approached, "come and

support the good cause. The ladies here are turned *frati predicatori*, and are as eloquent as Savonarola in lamenting the fate of old Braschi, as if the rogue had not emptied our purse, and, what is more, our plate-chest, to support his tyranny."

"Nay," said the princess, "let not our own wrongs plead in the case. For the popedom, I grant that it has merited its fall; but why pursue the aged bishop (since with this title alone he must in future be honoured) with refinements of cruelty? Why choose the anniversary of his accession as the day on which to announce to him that his reign was at an end? why insult his grey hairs with revolutionary cockades? In short, Cervoni is a brute. A Frenchman would not have acted so—defend us from the renegade Italian!"

"The less you say against Cervoni the better," said the Prince, "for if the governor take a grudge against us, adieu the plate, the pictures, and all the rich marbles of the Casa Santa Croce."

“How,” said Duvivier, “what has Cervoni’s wrath to do with plate or pictures?”

“I know that,” answered the senator’s wife, “since General Berthier’s departure, there has been nothing safe in Rome. Cervoni’s minions come to seek and take possession of the goods of *emigrés*, forsooth, as if any of the fugitive French had carried hither along with them the Raphaels and Titians, and the plate of Cellini’s carving, that has been in Rome for ages.”

“I never knew of this before,” said Duvivier, astonished.

“*E peccato*,” continued the lady, “it is a pity that a proper young fellow like yourself, with two epaulettes, should not have your share in the spoil.”

“Madam,” said Duvivier; and he might have followed up his exclamation with something harsher, if Vittoria had not risen at the moment, and, crossing the blunt dame, advanced to Duvivier, drew him with her into one of the recesses of the apartment, explain-

ing the habitual rudeness of the Contesse Rezzonico, and also relating the very good causes of anger against the French, which her husband's rank and principles had drawn down.

“And such,” concluded she, “are your apostles of liberty, your disinterested liberators of nations, whom you would have me venerate as the Fabii and Scipios of modern times?”

“To the virtue of the Fabii and the Scipios, madam, we humble Frenchmen could never hope to arrive.—To refrain from coming to blows with an enemy, or to kindness with a captive princess, were indeed beyond our forbearance.”

“Ah, signor, you jest, and no longer speak in the earnest tone of this morning! I perceive that you Frenchmen are enthusiastic but in *duo*—the presence of a third person shames you from your warmth.”

“If my presence,” said Prince Giustiniani, “is at all a check——”

“No, no,” said Vittoria, I spoke but of

political warmth ; and you are too Gallic to excite any distrust. It was but this morning that Colonel Duvivier pleaded the cause of republicanism, against my aristocratic prejudices, with an earnest eloquence that might have converted Vittoria Colonna into a Madame Roland. But I fear, this mean rapine, this ‘itching palm,’ as the English poet saith, which so infects the Republican Commanders, will induce me to rest contented with the good old virtues ; and even to compound with the prejudices of nobility and hereditary rank.”

“ But, princes, dear Vittoria, can rob and oppress too,” said Giustiniani.

“ *Si, si*, good cousin : and that they do openly, under no cant of philanthropy nor professions of benevolence, but from the good old principle that seven-eighths of the world were made to serve the other eighth ; and, Heaven knows, that the ingrained marks of servility are stamped stronger on the wills, talents, and propensities of the multitude, than all your boasted rights of equality and innate

freedom are proved in the thousand-and-one dreams of moral and political philosophy."

"What ! uttering such principles?" exclaimed Duvivier, "and quoting English, moreover ! Fair disciple of Pitt, I have known fewer words lead to a fate little becoming thy beauty and thy rank."

"Alas !" replied Vittoria, "your menacing arguments are but too true. It is indeed an age when birth and beauty are but steps to the scaffold. Honour to the great nation that discovered these new crimes to add to its code."

"Nay, *cara signora*, I meant to warn, not to menace. Do not, in return, reproach a great nation, or an unspotted individual of it, with the crimes of its momentary tyrants."

"By suffering tyrants, sir, a nation participates in their crimes."

"Ah," said Duvivier, "there you are our own again—a fierce republican."

"In truth, sir, I know not what I am, save that I have a soul to sympathize with the dis-

tressed, and to abhor, as much as contempt will allow me, the mean brigands that rush to plunder under the mean pretext of philanthropy and a love of freedom."

" Ah, *mon cher Duvivier*," said the young Frenchman, addressing himself and striking his forehead with his fingers, " what has become of thee ? And thou, brain of mine, that was once so stocked with mirth and *badinage*, what cursed dullness can have dried thee up ? Why, here have I, a Frenchman—who have sucked *petillante* champagne with my very porridge-spoon—and, moreover, a gay colonel of Chasseurs, been arguing seriously with a damsel for this half hour—and on politics too ! menacing and quarrelling. Fair Alcina, thou hast enchanted and sadly metamorphosed me !"

" I see no metamorphose, Colonel. When slaves, as you will call yourselves, beneath your gallant old kings, the French were the gayest of the gay. But this revolution hath made you all grave and dull ; nay, even the

military. Formerly the trade of killing was a merry occupation—your armies were a sprightly, plumed, powdered assemblage of gentlemen; but now, the sun never shone upon such a gang of ferocious fellows. Your soldiers look like butchers, and as for your civilians, your diplomatists, they are as grave as an Englishman, without any of the Briton's humour. Confess that Freedom, with all her glories, is but a dull goddess, a most leaden-visaged deity."

"Worse than dull, madam, when its angry spirit of discussion penetrates even to the *salon* and boudoir, and substitutes its dry argumentative heat for the true warmth of natural feeling! The passions of the head may occupy and ennoble the man; but pardon me if I think that those of the heart alone become the softer and the fairer sex."

"Condemn women to be women, sir, where men are men. Nay, good cousin, present company, you know—And here is Cervoni himself approaching, the head brigand, who,

if he hear the talk of manhood, will surely hold you as suspected.—*A rivederci, Colonnelle.*”

Duvivier retired to his quarters in a state of pique and fret, considerably increased by the consciousness, quite new to him, of being so in such points. Indeed a Frenchman's mind is in general so made up on the subject of his own merits and those of his nation, that his sensibilities thereon are but little vulnerable. But the passionate Italian had drawn him into the vortex of serious feeling where he found his habitual armour of gay and polite indifference no longer proof.

Vittoria was the only child of Prince Colonna, who had been for a long time more in need of care and protection than capable of bestowing such upon his daughter. She had in consequence assumed those matronly habits of independence, which are so strictly forbidden to maidens of her country. Her character, too, contributed, as much as her peculiar situation, to free her from such restraint. The

earliest instruction she had received, almost the first words she had heard, were the history of her family's greatness and fame. The Prince, her father, knew no other theme; and certainly a copious one it proved—affording giant-killing stories to amuse her childhood, and equally interesting histories of soldiers and statesmen to interest her maturer mind. The tales and rhapsodies of Prince Colonna were always concluded with the one lament—his heirless age, and the extinction of his house. And poor Vittoria, like many a solitary female scion of a noble house, was often piqued to find, and puzzled to discover, why she was accounted nothing.

Years, however, came to her aid in this, and left her but little satisfied with the sex that nature had assigned her. The decay of her father's mental powers had devolved upon her the economy of his enormous property, which she held in her own management, in despite of the endeavours of her uncle the cardinal, to take possession as natural guardian

either of her or of his brother. Vittoria's prudence enabled her to resist the Cardinal Colonna's avarice at times, by taking advantage of a lucid interval in the Prince's malady, to plead his capability to conduct his own affairs, but principally by the feminine weapon of coquetry, smiling upon the suit of young Braschi, the Pope's nephew, and thus securing the protection of the mercenary Pontiff. The smile, however, which she might bestow upon any one of the numerous suitors, attracted by the view of so rich an heritage, exceeded her intentions ; as one consequence of her independent temper, studies, and reflections, was a most thorough contempt for the existing race of her countrymen. She had no need, like most of her fair compatriots, to marry for an establishment : the place of married dame in society she had successfully usurped ; and, although really impassioned, there was too much mind in all her feelings to allow her to look with aught but contempt upon what bore the name

of passion in the vocabulary of her Italian acquaintance.

Having borne with a whole heart the suits of Roman princes, and the sighs of more than one travelled and sentimental Englishman, Vittoria at length began to give herself credit for the heartlessness of which the world accused her. She even prided in her apathy, and often argued, that a noble and far descended stream disdained to lose itself in an inferior rivulet, but kept on its course alone to the ocean of oblivion. The sentiment was too poetical to be sound; and such defiances flung in the teeth of the little deity are seldom followed by impunity.

Without, however, supposing any actual intervention on the part of the said capricious little personage, the self-confidence of a female is itself likely to cause its own defeat. Such was the case with Vittoria. Courtesy prompted her to invite Duvivier to the Prince's table; this was in fact to a *tête-a-tête*. And those who

have experienced it, know what almost any Frenchman's powers are in such a situation. Those trifling but numerous attentions, which captivate the good will, and lead to the heart of the most serious female, are either totally neglected by the English or Italian youth; or, if undertaken, they occupy the whole mind, and give an expression of industry and toil to the countenance of these awkward suitors. But a Frenchman, if a gentleman—two qualities now so rarely to be found united, and even then indeed becoming rare—performs all those trifles as trifles, nor allows them to interrupt the train of conversation, which, with a female, he knows so well how to conduct and vary. In those days too—the very Augustan age of argument, when so many new opinions were afloat, combating and combated—it was delightful to the eager, enthusiastic, and well-informed Vittoria, to find a companion who could converse seriously and sincerely. This were no difficult acquisition any where, at any time, one should think: it is so, however, in Italy,

where, upon the slightest provocation or pretext for excitement, any individual will assume the fury and agitation of a Pythoness, without internally feeling at the same time one particle of what is indicated by such fearful external emotion.

My young readers may think these but sorry attractions: let them keep their hearts however until the age of five-and-twenty, and then reflect upon what terms they would be inclined to part with them. The fame of French heroism had of late captivated every female heart, and Eugene Duvivier was amongst the foremost of the modern Paladins. Second only to Dupas in crossing the bridge of Lodi, severely wounded at Arcole, he was advanced to the command of the gallant *Dix-neuvieme* on the field of Rivoli, and vied with Junot, Lannes, and Lasalle, in single-handed feats of heroism. Such fame, seconded by a handsome person, and high command at the age of eight-and-twenty, was passport sufficient to every female heart.

It was upon her return from the palace of Santa Croce, that Vittoria first noticed any disquietude in her breast on account of the young Frenchman. Her sharp expressions to him, notwithstanding the gay tone in which they were uttered, preyed upon her. She had dismissed her attendant, and sat in her chamber, her hands clasped upon her knee, in fixed and silent reverie, regardless of the chill discomfort of a February night.—Love in a passionate soul, though it may enter unconsciously, is not first perceived without a deep and sad presentiment: life hinges on that moment; and whatever the past may have been, the future extends a doubtful and an anxious problem.

Such sad reflections, not unmingled with a new delight, hurried through the mind of Vittoria. She was no girl entangled in the labyrinth, without being aware of its difficulties. Passion in the breast of genius is prophetic. She burst from her long distraction

into a flood of tears—prostrated herself before a little ivory image of the Virgin, that was fixed in her apartment, and poured forth her prayer for protection with all the fervency of a stricken heart.

It is with great local truth and knowledge of Catholic countries, that the facetious author of Don Juan makes one of his heroines in her straits,

— “ beg the Virgin Mary for her grace,
As being the best judge of a lady’s case.”

But looking upon this old religion neither with the bigotry of a Protestant polemic, nor with the unprincipled carelessness of a deistical sneerer, there is something natural and touching in the propensity which prompts a female heart to have recourse to a female divinity. In southern countries, where furious passions are prevalent, and few friendships, the popular belief in the heavenly influence of the Blessed Virgin, may be a soothing, and perhaps a salutary supersti-

tion. And many a silly maiden, who would not dare to address her complaints, or ask protection from the Omnipotent, finds her heart upborne and comforted, in supplicating a celestial intercessor of her own sex.

Solaced by her devotions, the agitated daughter of Colonna retired to rest, not without many resolutions to oppose the further progress of an attachment, which, in its happiest event, she deemed unworthy of her princely lineage. Duvivier she conjectured to be one of those soldiers of fortune whom his gallantry had raised from the ranks to high command in the Republican army. In this she was partly, though not altogether right. His father had been a respectable magistrate, a member of one of the parliaments of Languedoc, elected subsequently to the Convention—he was one of that party named the *Gironde*, and as such had suffered honourably, with his brother deputies, upon the scaffold. Young Eugene, till then educated to be an advocate, had fled from his gown and

proscription to the army, and there so distinguished himself under Pichegru and Moreau, that he found himself with the command of a company in seventeen hundred and ninety-six, ordered to join the army of Italy. And there, as we have seen, he did not suffer his promotion to slacken, or his laurels to wither.

In furtherance of her resolutions, Vittoria despatched, early on the morrow, one of her domestics to the neighbouring convent of the Santi Apostoli. This monastery belongs to the Franciscans, not to the mendicant and lay-brothers of the order, but to the superior and cleric brethren; one of whom, the philosophic Ganganelli, had lately filled the Papal throne. His mausoleum, one of the early works of the celebrated Canova, had not been long erected by the artist in the convent church; and the domestic, as she passed through the church to the convent on her errand to the *Fraté Tommaso*, saluted the awful figure of the Pontiff, its arm stretched forth in the act of benediction. Surprised at so

early a message from his ancient pupil, the worthy friar donned hastily his long flannel habit; and taking his three-cocked, or rather three-flapped hat beneath his arm, hurried after Theresa to the Colonna palace.

Fra Tommaso crossed himself more than once in crossing the court, as he perceived it full of foreign dragoons, employed variously upon themselves and their horses; and, uniting this with the sudden summons from the Lady Vittoria, he mounted with a heart full of terror to her apartment.

“Awell, daughter,” said the friar, leaning against the door as soon as he had entered, not able to proceed farther, “awell, my daughter, these strangers, these soldiers—I knew how it would be.—Why did you not remain in the country?”

“What troubles you, good father?—what hath happened?”

“Me? nothing, *cara figlia*—but this early message, those armed men have alarmed me on thy account.”

Vittoria calmed the fears of her confessor, made Theresa pour forth a cup of chocolate for him, and then ordered her attendant to retire.

The secrets of the confessional may not be disclosed, but the end of Vittoria's conference with the Fra Tommaso appeared, when she ordered a courier to be despatched to Gensano, near which town one of the Prince's villas was situated, with orders to prepare for their immediate reception.

CHAPTER V.

“ Amor, ch'al cor gentil ratto s'apprende,”—

“ Amor, che a nullo amato amar perdona.”

DANTE.

THE morning advanced. Duvivier was accustomed to partake of the second and more substantial breakfast with the Prince and his daughter. Surprised at not receiving the customary summons, he paced the rich saloon and gallery, overhung and adorned with the *chef d'œuvres* of both ancient and modern art. The splendid columns of *giallo antico*, now the sole relics of all that grandeur, which still arrest the admiration of the visitor, were then but adjuncts to the richness of the decoration. Around were ranged the wonders of the Grecian chisel, vying with the gayer works of the

sister art. Here a saint of Guido's early pencil suffered, or stood forth prominent in the darker tints of its maturer style. There, on a full blue sky and golden glory, sate a Madonna of Raffael, uniting, almost miraculously, the contrary expressions of mother and of maiden. The Adam and Eve of Domenichino attracted the connoisseur; whilst the infantine features of the hapless Beatrice Cenci, interested the feelings of those blind to the secret beauties of the art. Portraits, though few, were not utterly disdained: the luxurious Leo, the irascible Julius, sate in their scarlet copes, immortalized by Raffael even more than by history. The swarthy heroes and yellow-haired maidens of Titian's canvas were numerous and nameless. A group of ruffians gambling, by Caravaggio, recalled immediately the memoirs of Cellini; and, contrasted with it, a brigand scene by Salvator, presented the sublime of the same subject: it was the Beggar's Opera by the side of the Robbers of Schiller.

With a pre-occupied mind Duvivier surveyed these works of art, which offered little congenial to his feelings. Indeed painting, the most timorous of the arts, seems to frequent chiefly the by-paths of sentiment, and avoids subjects commanding general sympathy; fearing, perhaps, that poetical beauty might usurp the merit and considerations of the picturesque. Pacing the long suite of apartments, the young officer paused before the gorgeous canopy erected in the reception-room, to mark the princely rank of the owner of the mansion. And, as he surveyed it, the first idea of the great interval which aristocratic prejudice placed between him and the noble Vittoria, was suggested to his mind.—The republican soldier, as he jerked his sabre beneath his arm, smiled with contempt at the idea. It was, nevertheless, but too true; the philosophic system of equality, that levelled all ranks of the French Republic, could scarcely be supposed to actuate the Roman noble or his daughter. The thought, so

wounding to his pride, was followed by that train of just and common-place reflections wherewith honest and humble manhood always vindicates itself. He coupled the idea with the neglect of that morning, and the sharp words of the preceding evening; and turned to repace the gallery with a fierce and self-complacent stride, knit brows, and compressed lip of resolution or resentment.

He had not thus proceeded half way up the gallery, ere Vittoria made her appearance at the far extremity, accompanied by a crowd of domestics, supporting and conducting forth the Prince himself. Duvivier was surprised on perceiving that they were all accoutred for a journey: his peevish suspicions too were quieted at the sight, not being able to flatter himself that he could have been the cause of so sudden a change of resolution.

After some words of salutation, uttered on both sides with embarrassment, the Colonel begged to ask to which side of the city their promenade was directed; "although," con-

tinued he, "these appearances bespeak a more distant journey."

"They do indeed, signor; we are bound at present for Gensano."

"And may I ask, if any unpleasant event—"

"Oh, no,—merely some troubles amongst the Prince's tenantry that require his presence."

"The herald of what power is this, that stops us in our setting forth?" exclaimed the old Prince, elevating his bent figure to its naturally majestic height; "whose defiance bears he? Daughter of mine, thou holdest too civil converse with our foes;—nay, tremble not, girl, at his fierceness, nor be so moved."

"Leave us, for heaven's sake, Colonel!" said Vittoria,—“your presence thwarts my father—*Addio*."

She held back her hand, slightly waving it, as she pronounced the last word with no very firm voice. Duvivier seized the hand as he demanded the cause of this sudden departure; but, as the only answer, it was drawn sudden-

ly from his grasp. The young officer remained fixed to the spot, stunned as if he had fallen from a precipice; whilst his eye followed the cortege of the Prince, as it slowly disappeared through the long suite of apartments. The heart of Vittoria, however, smote her for her rude action: she lingered the last of the train, and, with her hand to her lips, turned to salute Duvivier, as she descended the staircase.

“This *is* a scene,” said the Frenchman, whose heart, although at the time wrung with feeling, did not prevent his tongue from using its habitual language of banter—“*Ca ne va pas mal du tout*. But she must not escape. This may be a trick to emigrate—a trip to Gensano may cloak a flight to Naples. And yet if she will it, or if flight be a security, how should I oppose such a step? But away with generosity and self-denial—the true characteristics of baby-passion—a man and a soldier must possess what he loves.”

“Holla,” cried the Colonel, calling a couple

of loitering dragoons, “do you,” addressing one of them, “saddle my horse and your own,—and you, wait, I will give you a note in an instant——here it is, for General Cervoni, in the Palazzo Doria—a step distant from hence, in the Corso. Be speedy.”—In it Duvivier asked, or rather assumed leave for a few days’ excursion to the country ;—and after intrusting his command, with all the requisite orders, to Major Walter, Duvivier spurred off from the Colonna palace in pursuit of Vittoria.

His horse’s hoofs soon struck fire from the pavement of Trajan’s Forum, which the workmen of the new Franco-Roman Institute were already commencing to excavate. The learned Monge, who himself overlooked the labours, raised his spectacled nose on hearing the clatter of Duvivier’s steed, and hollaed with all his might to the Colonel, declaring that he had news for his ear ; but his words were lost amidst the sound of shovel and pick-axe, and the horse’s speed. We can inform the reader, nevertheless, that the tidings which the learn-

ed academician wished to communicate, were, that Massena had just arrived to take the command of the army of Rome.

The rise of the Capitoline hill, with the irregular cluster of mingled palaces and hovels, imperviable to vehicles or horsemen, renders the issue from the modern city to the Forum difficult to those unacquainted with the topography of the city. Many, in consequence, were the curses, and not very decorous the ejaculations, which this labyrinth drew from Duvi-
vier's impatience, until at length passing by the dark and massive wall of Nerva's Forum, and beneath its arch, he issued forth, upon the Campo Vaccino, where again he found his countrymen busied at their work of improvement. It might perplex a classical enthusiast to conjecture what alterations, dictated by taste and a reverence of antiquity, the French were carrying on in the Forum ; and, considering the plans which they meditated, and the sums they allotted to be employed on places and relics of minor interest, they could not, one

should think, have destined less for so celebrated a scene than complete restoration. Far from it however: they were neither excavating, restoring, nor rebuilding; but with all the *sang froid* of ultra-montane barbarism, were planting rows of pollard elms across the Forum, for the purpose of converting that sacred spot into an evening promenade. Duvivier himself could not refrain from smiling, as he passed, at the preposterous taste of his countrymen.

Rapidly passing the Coliseum, not without jocularly cursing it as the cause of his present *entêtement*, he soon reached the Lateran; where upon inquiring whether the Colonna carriage had passed, he was told that it had not only passed but stopped there for an instant, whilst the Princess, as the informant called Vittoria, had entered to offer up a hasty vow. The French colonel was not devout enough to follow her example, nor had he leisure to explore the wonders of the Lateran—the heads of the apostles there preserved—nor

the famous porphyry font in which Rienzi had had the impudence to bathe. Neither did the *Scala Santa*, or Sacred Stair, transported from Jerusalem to a little chapel opposite the Lateran, tempt him to the laborious, and, 'tis said, most efficacious devotion of ascending it upon his knees. On the contrary, he passed the holy places in irreligious haste, and took the Naples road through the Porta San Giovanni.

He continued his course along the road by vineyard and villa, until these marks of cultivation gradually disappeared, and yielded place to the blank Campagna. There the modern road joins the ancient Via Appia, is skirted on one side by the succession of ruined tombs, which formed the proud and melancholy ornament of the Roman way, and on the other by the line of the Claudian aqueduct, varying its course and height, and the number of its stoned arches, to the unevenness and unsteadiness of the soil. Each arch, as it flitted by, presented its brief vista of the far-

stretched plain, and the Tiburtine hills beyond; whilst the nobler vista, which its two thousand years of association opened to the past, stretched forth almost as palpable to the eye of imagination.

Duvivier was not long in overtaking the carriage, the occupants of which were not a little surprised at his appearance. He pleaded military duty, which obliged him to inspect the positions occupied by the advanced-guard of the army from Terracina to Terni; adding, that in so disturbed a state of the country, the escort of a soldier should not be unacceptable. Vittoria remained silent. A casual remark or two upon the weather, the heat of the sun, and coldness of the wind, followed; Duvivier hoping by this careless conversation to allay the fears which the lady entertained of an explanation,—fears that her tremulous silence betrayed. This attempt to elicit a rejoinder proved equally vain; so that the gallant was driven to his last resource, and was compelled, as an incentive to conversation, to put some

question respecting the ruins that skirted, and at intervals overhung the road.

“ Truly, it is I,” said Vittoria, “ who should seek information from you, Colonel, on these points—for you strangers seem to know and to interest yourselves more than ever did we Romans, concerning the ruins amidst which we were born. Nevertheless, these, I have been told, were tombs ; for our ancestors, it seems, loved to intrude their memories, even after death, upon the notice of the traveller and the stranger ;—whilst we, their degenerate descendants, would be satisfied to withdraw, in this life, from fame and from the world.”

“ Methinks,” said Duvivier, “ it were not easy for beauty and wit, joined with the name of Colonna, for example, to effect this latter purpose.”

“ Ah, sir,” rejoined the lady, with a smile betokening little mirth, “ thou knowest not the thickness of a convent wall.”

“ I should, signora, having seen the thickness of some of them tried.”

“ I understand you, sir. Even that only refuge for our unfortunate sex is to be abolished by modern philanthropy.”

“ And is it not philanthropy, as well as gallantry, to destroy these sepulchres of the living—those prisons where the young are sacrificed to the ambition, the unjust predilections and whims of the old ?”

“ These are common-place accusations, gleaned from the stage and the profane trash of modern letters. I know the cloister—I know the world—and could tell which was the real sacrifice.”

“ But can the passionate—the Italian heart,” said Duvivier, “ willingly forego—I will not say the world, but those feelings and attachments for which, by its very nature, it must sigh and pine ?—shall it, in fear of future troubles, give up the happiness for which it was born, and consent to cancel at once the pains and pleasures of existence, in thus ceasing, as it were, to live ? Even if this be prudence, is it not ignominious cowardice ?”

“ Suppose—a supposition merely—those feelings which you speak of, blighted, betrayed, their hopes impeded by obstacles insurmountable, whither shall the stricken spirit retire for consolation? Could you even, gay soldier as you are, recommend the world as a refuge? or will you allow that, in this case at least, there is virtue in a cloister?”

“ Ah, signora, such suppositions cannot be entertained in the present state of my thoughts; and even, in such cases, why erect a prison where the resolve of momentary disgust becomes irrevocable? Cannot a palace chamber be made to afford all the seclusion and security of the convent?”

“ A woman’s resolution, indeed,” said Vittoria, as she remembered her own, “ give to her chamber the seclusion of a cell! How much would a gallant like yourself, Colonel, respect the unconsecrated precincts?”

“ *Par Dieu et mon épée*, signora,” cried the soldier, “they should be more impervious, more sacred to me, than the walls of a *Chartreuse*!”

“ And I believe you, Colonel,” said Vittoria, stretching forth her hand, which she almost laid upon Duvivier’s arm.

“ *Torina mia!*” exclaimed the old Prince, “ I thought you had fallen from my side.— Why do you lean so from the carriage ?”

The interruption of the Prince acted as a sedative on the conversation, which at that moment of confidence produced by the chevalresque declaration of Duvivier, was likely to become more interesting. A silence of some time ensued, during which the party proceeded rapidly over the last furlongs of the Campagna road, approaching the fields and gardens, which the cultivators of Albano had conquered from the desert. The magnificent line of the Alban hills, which present to Rome and its neighbourhood an uniform and dark blue mass, bespeckled with shining villas, become developed upon near approach, and distinguished into its many valleys and eminences. Notwithstanding the beauty, the variety, and the eternal sunshine of the landscape,

it was not a cheerful one. The vine was leafless in the vale, the ash and hazel on the height, whilst the olive-trees, which occupied the rising grounds, added little by their bare and gloomy foliage to enliven the dreary period of the year. True, there was no cloud, no shadow of gloom cast from on high, but there was marked on the relief of the mountain outline that immeasurable distance of the dark blue sky, as if it had altogether abandoned the terrestrial scene, and left it naked. The earth seemed unprotected by so far distant a canopy; and the cold glare of the sun upon the crowd of palaces and convents, resplendent in unvaried white, adorned with all the beauties of architecture, but nothing of the picturesque, was not calculated to lull the mind to quiet or content. The memories of Cicero, of Pompey, might, it is true, be evoked by the sight of the places which had borne their palaces and footsteps; but these associations in a country so thick with recollections of the past, become at length impertinent, and cease to have

a lively influence upon any save the stranger and the pedant.

Vittoria was too much absorbed in her feelings to act the classic guide to her admirer, who, in consequence, passed Albano without having ascended to behold its lake and stream, or enjoyed, from the Alban mount, that noble prospect which has since arrested the steps of Childe Harold; and on which, after one of the most sublime bursts of his enthusiasm, the pilgrim broke his staff, and gave his ideal character to the winds. Nor did the three-peaked enigma of a building, traditionally handed down as the tomb of the Horatii and Curiatii, standing in the midst of the road at a little distance from Albano, much excite the attention of either the lady or the soldier. The ever-varying beauties of the country, however—for there is no kind of scenery which the road to Naples does not successively unfold—could not but divert the reflections of Duvivier, to whom the sight was new. The sudden alteration of the scene

was most striking—for the shrubless territory around Rome, so hostile to even the appearance of vegetation, was here succeeded by a thickly-wooded country. The road itself was overhung and lost in dense forests of oak, which, even in that advanced period of the season, had not yet shaken off the crisp and embrowned foliage of the preceding year. The leaves still rustled, falling few and reluctant in the February blast, and shed an appearance of autumn on the incipient spring. Thus clothed, arose to their left, as they journeyed, the Alban hills, with their beautiful sinuosities, a lordly villa or a belfried convent crowning each eminence, and volcanic lakes profoundly reposing in those vales, or rather abysses, which some fierce convulsion of nature had hollowed. To their right, and far beneath them, lay stretched the flat and fertile part of Latium, every village bearing some name of mighty recollection—Lavinia, Laurentum ; and, although not profoundly versed in classic lore, Duvivier could not for-

get that the scene of the latter half of the *Æneid* lay before him.

“ You seem enchanted with the scene, Colonel,” exclaimed Vittoria, breaking silence. “ I regret much that your military duty brings you on to Terracina, and does not permit of your honouring us with your presence at the Villa Fabrizio.”

“ My faith,” said Duvivier, looking down at his steed, “ I think we have made a sufficient day’s march ; nor can I require much incitement to prefer the hospitality of the Villa Fabrizio to that of a dull hostelry or barrack at Velletri.”

“ But, signor, how came this sudden—this unexpected order ?”

“ I could answer one question by another, signora, but you know what slaves we soldiers are to the will of a leader.”

“ Here are the roads, Colonel. Choose—”

“ Am I fairly challenged to be your guest, madam ?”

“ Certainly, sir.”

“*Allons*, then,” cried Duvivier, as he spurred his horse along with the Colonna *cortège* up the long avenue, which, leaving Gensano to the right, ascended to the Prince’s villa.

In a country so beautiful, possessed by inhabitants of such proverbial taste, it is surprising that attention to the picturesque should be confined solely to the landscape painter. The Italian noble—who prides himself so much in distinguishing colours on canvas, and in estimating the merits of the different masters—a species of taste which certainly often ranks the colour-grinder above the imaginative draughtsman—is still contented to build or inhabit a shapeless barrack, planted, perhaps, on the most beautiful eminence of the Appenine. He cares not for its square, formal, insignificant outline, contrasted with that of the bold and sinuous mountain scene. He shuts close his *jalousies* against the rural beauties, which he has neither the heart to feel nor the taste to understand ; and, turning to his Tians and his Raffaels, in admiring the vivid

colours of the Venetian's pallet, or the dancing-master symmetry of the Roman's pencil, he affects, in this supreme exercise of mind, to despise the northern barbarian. The architect follows the prejudices of his employer, and esteems it degrading to his art to order his plan in reference to the scene around. A plain surface for his foundation, and a point from whence may be viewed his shapeless plaster front, is all that he requires. Even the site, in general well chosen, is not selected by the taste of the founder, but is owing simply to that regard for his health which prompts him to take up his summer abode, as far elevated as possible above the pernicious vapours of the plain.

The Villa Fabriziana, so called not from the generous old enemy of Pyrrhus, as one might suppose, but from its founder Fabrizio Colonna, who commanded the Papal army at the famous battle of Ravenna, in which Gaston de Foix was slain, was a shapeless mass of white plaster, crowning an eminence that once

had been wooded, and might still have been so, had not the dignity of the Prince's villa forbid the irreverent vicinity of oak or pine to overshadow it. Those children of the forest, that clothed even loftier peaks, were kept at a respectful distance from this, and left the villa no unfit symbol of its princely tenant, lofty, deserted, and bare to each impending storm. It is not to be supposed, however, that this modern villa was the identical fabric erected by a prince of the fifteenth century, the only remnant of which was a lofty, subtle, square tower of brick, wreathed at top by projecting battlements, the unevenlike villa of modern times being thus surmounted by the ruddy donjon of the middle ages. This, at least, was a redeeming object, and served as a link between the unmeaning mansion and the romantic scene.

The avenue, now traversed by the party, approached the villa by a line as straight as art could render feasible ; it was, nevertheless, to the great mortification of the rural engineer, compelled to take a circuit to the left, in or-

der to avoid the inconvenience of descending and ascending the sides of a steep ravine, which, like a huge moat, flanked the western side of the eminence. Duvivier, occupied in conversation, did not turn his eyes to the prospect until the carriage had stopped at the side portal of the villa. It was then he perceived, with surprise, that the mountain or hill on which he stood, overlooked, and almost overhung a lake, which, from its circular figure, its placidity, and the depth at which even its surface lay, seemed of inconsiderable dimensions till the diminutive size, into which the human habitations and villages on its brink were seen dwindled, convinced him that the lane of Nemi might reckon nearly half a league in breadth.

“ I’ll be your Cicerone, Colonel,” said Vittoria, as she turned from giving some orders to the domestics. “ We cannot hope for an after-dinner ramble, and since your military duty calls you off betimes on the morrow, I must seize the present moment to lead you to the

brow of Monte Fabrizio, from whence is a favourite view of mine.”

They had both by this time alit ; and Vittoria, wrapping her shawl closely around her, under pretence of cold, but really as a pretext to refuse the proffered arm, led the way to the brow, scarce indeed a bow-shot from the villa.

“ Saw you ever such an image of tranquillity ? ” said the Italian lady ; “ that lake has been in eternal repose since the hour of its convulsive birth : no tempest agitates its waters—no wind can ruffle its surface—and the still reflection of its steep and wooded brink is never disturbed by a breath. Saw you it by moonlight it is truly divine—the lake resplendent like a mirror, with the moon and stars therein, while the jetty obscurity of the brink surrounding it, adds truth to the fabulous name it bears. Here the ancient Latin passed, and shunned to look : it was the *mirror of Diana* ;—yon thick and hanging oak wood was her grove,—the ruins of her temple you can scarcely distinguish, time has so assimilated

its grey walls with the leafless branches that surround it."

Duvivier turned from the scene to what he deemed the greater sublime of a beautiful woman's eloquence. In the presence of a lovely female at any previous period of his existence the Frenchman would certainly not have let the mention of Diana, so fertile *apropos* to compliment, pass in silence. He now, however, but gazed and listened—permitting some idle questions respecting "her being a votary of the cruel goddess," to sink back from his tongue without utterance.

"But I, *povera zitella*," continued Vittoria, "single out the objects of my predilection to amuse you, as if ——. You delight in other scenes, and here may well find them. For this land of ours, Colonel Duvivier, though now it wake few sentiments, save that of tenderness in the maiden's heart, and pity in the stranger's, could once send forth its sons to battle, valiant and conquering even as those of happy France now are. Yon distant coun-

try, nearly covered by the ocean—as I would all Latium were; its grave were then at least an honoured one—yon distant country was once the Volscian territory. Coriolanus starts to your mind; and yonder is Antium, scarcely discernible in the horizon, between the marshes and the sea. The city that harboured Coriolanus, is now known to the modern Roman but as the spot on which the Apollo and the Gladiator were found. In this the works of art supersede the deeds of heroism in esteem and memory, as well as in time.”

The commanding figure of Vittoria, erect upon the mountain brow, with outstretched arm pointing forth the object of her indignant sorrows, would have struck even an indifferent and distant spectator; and were the lofty sky brought down a league, bedimmed with darker atmosphere, “some thick, substantial air,” as Otway sayeth; were mists made to float, and sharper gusts to blow amidst the Appenine, the daughter of Colonna would have resembled one of those Ossianic heroines or

prophetesses, which the genius of Cesaroth had at that time been rendering familiar and popular in Italy. Her altered voice and animated features subdued Duvivier, who ere this had thought that classical enthusiasm could scarcely dwell in the same breast with Christian devotion. Once or twice her demeanour struck him with indescribable pain, as he fancied he perceived in her face and gesture some resemblance to the wild manner in which the Prince, her father, burst forth in his fits of eloquent insanity.

“But surely,” observed Duvivier, “the rearer of that red tower behind us, with the brethren of his name, would be sufficient even of themselves to vindicate the modern Roman’s valour.

“I would my father heard you. He scorns those classic heroes whom my worthy confessor the Fraté Tommaso, introduced to my notice ; and deems nothing noble to have existed, or to have been acted, anterior to the imperial state of Rome ! He is lost in feudality, poor father, lost indeed. But I must conclude my

office. Do you observe yon distant, far distant mountain, with the bold extravagant outline? Can you conjecture what classic hill it is?"

"My classic studies have been so interrupted ——"

"It is Mount Circe, Colonel; beware its vicinity."

"In what may be the peril?"

"Nothing—merely that a wiser warrior than yourself, Colonel, has been lost upon this coast ere now, caught fast in woman's snares, whilst he should rather have minded his own and his companions' fortunes."

"My comrades can well look to their own security. For myself, I should desire no better fate than to rest for ever beneath the power of the enchantress; and here permit me, dearest lady, to commence my thraldom——"

"Hold, sir, and pardon me for having excited your gallantry by an awkward and arrogant warning. Do not take advantage of a plain-spoken Italian maiden, who has not yet

learned the art either of prudery or of listening to such language without emotion. For the present let us part friends, Colonel Duvier. I know you but since yesterday ; I know you but as the invader of my country—the foe of my religion. Nay, I argue not—this may seem trifling to you, not more than the ordinary events of a soldier's life; but with me, they have subverted all my customary thoughts—uprooted my feelings—and do at this moment force me—may the Virgin intercede for her suppliant—to question the power and justice of the God whom I adore. I am an Italian, sir—a Roman—a Colonna—and whatever may be my feelings, honour must be first consulted. At this time it dictates other thoughts than those our idle converse led to, thoughts which in this hour of my country's, of the church's degradation, I should blush to entertain.”

“Hear me, lady,—I am the enemy neither of your country nor your church.”

“No enemy,—a friend mayhap. You would have me think that, like another Char-

lemagne, Berthier, with you his Paladins, has arrived to swell the power and glories of our Pontiff. Is it not so?"

"I said, no enemy, signora."

"I understand you. This superstitious creed of mine is a petty consideration, an object too mean and vulgar to be worthy of the enmity of an enlightened Frenchman,—a foible, at the most, that may be pardoned to a woman's weakness. Towards Italy your views are generous, I doubt not. Like Cleopatra, the captive queen must be well tended, cheered, adorned, were it but to grace the triumph of her conquerors."

"Ah! lady, you would quarrel with me, and but seek a cause. You fling on my poor person all the guilt that tyranny and priestcraft, the abuses of that creed that you bow down to, and that I respect, made a necessity to France. Blame not the slave, who, bursting from his bonds, tears his garments, nay, his very flesh in the struggle. Wonder not, if in so rude a school, we became not devout. And more,

believe not, lady, in despite of the cry against us of impious and atheists, that in the days of victory we all forgot the God of battles.”

“The god of battles!—Mars, no doubt. How, in the eloquence of emotion, your heathenish principles break forth. But pardon me, Colonel, I do not mean to convert you. Let us part friends, as I before said—but part.”

“Be it so, signora: I will respect the feelings that devote you to solitude, though, trust me, they are causeless. Subaltern as I am, I cannot answer for the views of our commanders or our rulers, but I do believe them noble, and directed by patriotism and philanthropy. If otherwise, they might soon be made to learn that they command an army, not of slaves but freemen. I will obey you, lady, and take my departure early on the morrow; but promise, that we shall meet again, that you meditate no flight, no emigration.”

“By what right do you put such questions, Colonel Duvivier?”

“By a lover’s, signora. Nay, pardon me.

I will unsay the word, but must venture all rather than lose the hope of seeing you."

"Suspect me not of emigration. I may not survive, but will not therefore fly the last hours of my country—of all that is dear—"

"It is enough."

CHAPTER VI.

“ Infelice terra ! premio sempre della vittoria, Potrò io vedermi dinanzi gli occhi coloro che ci hanno spogliati, derisi, venduti e non piangere d’ira ? Devastatori de’popoli, si servono della libertà come i Papi si serviano delle crociate.”

Foscolo—Ultime Lettere di Jacobo Ortis.

IT is not surprising, that the French generals of those days became disaffected towards the republican government under which they served, and attempted severally to overturn it,—one by stretching forth the arm in private to the exiled Bourbons, another more successfully by grasping at the dictatorship himself. The host of commissaries that accompanied the army, were not dependent upon its commanders, but considered themselves under the control of the Directory alone. These men,

whilst they possessed themselves of all the spoil and the contributions, frequently left the army in the utmost want of necessaries.—Buonaparte, whom they had so served in 1796, and who was enraged against them, was unable, in the midst of all his victories, to bring them to punishment. And it was most probably, in the hour of this very resentment of his against Haller and his brethren, that he first conceived his hopes and plans of overthrowing the Directory.

That imperious general, however, kept these rapacious civilians in some degree of restraint and awe ; but from the moment in which he quitted the army, their insolence and rapine increased tenfold ; nor from all their plunder could the soldier procure even a day's pay. Rome they had long marked out as a noble and easy prey ; and the work of plunder commenced soon after the French troops had made their entry. A decree was procured from Berthier, declaring the goods of emigrants confiscated ; and, under pretence of searching for

such, they entered every palace, seized, under various pretexts, their chief valuables, and disposed of them to the brokers that followed the army in hordes. The furniture of the Papal palaces were sold by public auction; and, what exasperated the Romans more than any other indignity, amongst the purchasers were the Jews, whom the French emancipated from their Ghetto, and allowed to make their appearance at large without the ignominious badge of the *Sciamanno*, or yellow rag, which the government had compelled them to wear. Berthier, contented with the glory of having re-established the Roman republic, and foreseeing perhaps the troubles that were likely to ensue, soon quitted Rome for the north of Italy, and was succeeded in his command by Massena, who, though a bold and talented soldier, was a man notedly avaricious; and, as Spain knows, not over scrupulous in allowing a system of plunder.† His arrival and as-

† The address of this officer to the Directory, describes the character of this famous General:—"La troisieme cause est le

sumption of the command on that morning, were the news which the learned Monge had been anxious to communicate to Duvivier, as the Colonel hastily galloped past him across the Forum of Trajan.

The work of plunder went on. Every palace, that could be entered with impunity, and without exciting much opposition, had been stripped. But it was found, that, besides the natural indignation of the soldiery against these flagrant acts of injustice, many of the French officers had taken the noble families, in whose palaces they were quartered, under their protection, and resolutely opposed the intrusion of the sons of rapine. Amongst these were the Colonna palace, that belonging to Braschi, the Pope's nephew, and many others. The churches too, so rich in plate, in golden

mécontentement général que l'armée a éprouvé à l'arrivée du General Massena. Elle n'a point oublié les brigandages et les extorsions, qu'il a exercés sur les habitans des pays où il commandait. Le territoire Venitien, et surtout Padoue, est un champ fertile où l'on peut rassembler les preuves les plus nombreuses de son immoralité."

railings, shrines, and candelabras, were enormous treasures, which, how much soever coveted, they were still afraid to rob in open day, in the faces of Roman citizens and French soldiers, both alike indignant. To effectuate at once a general robbery of all these places with security, a plan was formed by the commissaries, not without the knowledge and participation of General Massena himself, who was to have his share of the plunder. A day was appointed for a solemn fête, ceremony, and procession, in honour of the late General Duphot, at which all the army were summoned to attend, and the priests of the several churches of the city also;—the populace there was little need of bidding to the show.

Duvivier arrived in Rome upon the evening preceding the appointed day. Indeed, he hastened his return in order to be present at the ceremony, from the friendship he had borne to his unfortunate companion in arms, as well as from the enthusiastic reverence with which military pomps and fêtes were

looked on at this time, when they had usurped the place of religious ceremonies. A temporary mausoleum was erected in the Piazza of St. Peter's, to the memory of Duphot: the French army were ranged in the spacious square around; and it was here, when collected in this limited space, that the Romans, with astonishment, perceived the very small number of enemies, before whom their ecclesiastical chief had bowed in submission. From St. Peter's to the Lungara, where Duphot had been killed, the military marched in procession, firing over the spot, and going through other manœuvres in honour of the deceased, whilst the priests were busied in the body of the cathedral, chaunting masses for the soul of the General in purgatory,—a proof, at once, of their independence and condescension. They did not sink the French defunct into hell, as the irascible Dante would have done; nor yet, like the courtly Petrarch, did they assign his spirit an honoured place in Paradise or amongst the stars.

Whilst this ceremony was performing in honour of the deceased hero, a very different one was carried on in the remote parts of the city by Messieurs, the commissaries, and their gang. The churches were entered and despoiled of every valuable: not only were the massy candlesticks and chalices taken from the altar, but even those very altars, of inestimable value some of them, as was that of the Jesù, were carried off by these sacrilegious ruffians. The ever-burning lamps of the saints were extinguished, to the unspeakable horror of their votaries; and the most holy relics uncased for the sake of the boxes, in which they were deposited. Nay, the very relics themselves attracted the humour, if not the avarice of the spoilers; and a remarkable instance of this is, that our lady of Loretto, the miraculous image, which had travelled from Jerusalem through the air, underwent a more tedious journey in a French baggage-cart to Paris, where the discoloured log, stripped of all its finery, lay long unknown beneath the

librarian's table, acting, I believe, as his footstool, till Monsieur Vonpradt, upon the restoration, handed her ladyship into the reverential towels of the priest destined to receive her.

The palaces, that had hitherto escaped spoliation, deprived in this memorable day of their protectors, shared in the fate of the churches. The Colonna palace was in consequence shorn of much of its splendour, its apartments broken into, its plate taken, and its courtly ornaments carried off. Pictures, however, or works of art, it must be premised, these minor robbers seldom meddled with, it being tacitly understood, that such were the especial perquisites of their superiors, of the nation in fact; to enrich whose gallery, General Buonaparte had in every treaty sacrificed more serious interests. Independent of such objects, nothing was safe, no place sacred from the hand of rapine.

The amazement and indignation of the French officers, upon returning to their quarters, were supreme. Even the least honour-

able amongst them, who had mentally destined the despoiled objects to their own pockets, were enraged at finding themselves thus cheated of their prey. What, then, must Duvivier have felt on beholding the wreck of the palace, which he had promised himself to preserve so inviolate, the marks of recent robbery around, the domestics all panic-struck, and old Domenico in a state of equal distraction as if the world were at an end ! “ Here,” thought Duvivier, “ are the reproaches of Vittoria justified to my shame, to my despair. How dare I approach her for the future ? how plead the passion of an honourable soldier ? Those cursed robbers stain the laurels of our proudest heroism, and degrade us into brigands like themselves.

“ Comrades, look here,” cried the Colonel, pointing around, “ here are the signs of the disinterested philanthropy with which we marched to the aid of the Roman people—here for us are the fruits of Rivoli and Arcole—and it is for this we were called to celebrate

the obsequies of the brave Duphot ! Shall we permit this to be done—to be said of us—or shall we allow it no longer ?”

“ ———,” said one, “ let them share with us at all events.”

“ *Fi donc, camarade !*” said Duvivier, “ thou a republican soldier, and seek to share the spoils of a woman !”

“ Now, by Mars and Venus,” cried the other, “ it is just the spoil I love ! But as you will, *mon Colonel*, lead on to the best flanked bastion of hell, I’ll follow thee ! But, *parbleu !* I have not a paul in my purse, and to fill that is with me, and all of us, a necessary preliminary to any action, be that what it may.”

“ Why our purses should be empty, and the military chest overflowing, is what I cannot see,” said Duvivier ; “ how far back, date our arrears ?”

“ Six—seven months,” cried many voices.

“ Will the *dix-neuvieme* then stand by me, and we will make these cormorants disgorge their prey !”

“Agreed, agreed—call up the soldiers.”

“Hold! my good friend,” said Major Walter, in whom the consciousness of being a foreigner amongst Frenchmen supplied the caution which his dear country was never famed for, “let us despatch *éclaireurs* to reconnoitre the ground before us. They have served other palaces no doubt in the same way in which they have served this, and indignation must be afloat. Let us feel our friends in the dark ere we cry out.”

“Right, Walter—’tis what I thought of. Massena is a wily Italian,† not to be blown up by so inconsiderable a mine. Do you ride over to Lepoype at the Braschi palace, and make the round of the quarters. For myself, I shall visit the Quirinal, and prove the sentiments of the foot brigades.”

After a little further consultation, in which their several parts and duties were arranged, Walter and some others set forth to sound

† Massena was a native of Nice.

the dispersed officers, and communicate the scheme to those known as republicans, and considered likely to be staunch in a cause like this. Almost all the officers indeed, especially the subalterns, were favourable to such projects, the commissaries, or *concussionnaires*, as they were called, being odious throughout the army; and the present great weight of arrears was calculated to increase the existing discontent, and add to the mutinous those whose principles were not so over-nice as to be shocked at a little ingenious spoliation of their feeble allies. Their mission, in consequence, was no very difficult or delicate one; but Duvivier, who undertook to sound and ascertain the sentiments of the soldiery at headquarters, where they were principally collected, had assumed a more important task.

Habiting himself so as not to attract attention, though still avoiding the semblance of disguise, the Colonel proceeded on foot from the Colonna palace to the Monte Cavallo. He had not far to walk, as the Pope's summer

palace, where Massena had taken up his quarters, was on the summit of the Quirinal; and the Santi Apostoli, where the Colonnas dwelt, lay at its foot. His errand led him not to the palace itself, however, nor to the Consulta opposite; but to the long line of building that descends very precipitously by the Via della Consulta down the steep brows of the Quirinal to the Suburra, and at present fronts the gardens of the Rospigliosi palace. This had been a convent of capuchin friars, whom the French had dispossessed soon after their arrival, the convent standing so convenient to the palace of the government, and consequently so commodious for the station of a large force. Here the chief body of the Roman garrison was at present quartered, and Duvivier bent his steps thither, in order to ascertain how far the soldiers were mutinously disposed, and how far they would be inclined to support the officers in a revolt against the Commander-in-chief, and the band of civilian robbers in his confidence.

It was a fine, cheerful evening, and, in spite of the chill north wind that swept from the snowy Appenine down the Strada Pia, the soldiers were scattered over the open space on the summit of the Quirinal or Monte Cavallo, around the famed fountain, adorned with the works of Phidias and Praxiteles, and erected, as it declares, by the munificence of Pius the Sixth. Awaiting the Ave Maria chimes, and the roll of the drum, which at that hour beat for their turning-in, they were amusing themselves, as Frenchmen do, in conversation or gambol; some in games they had learned in the conquered land, such as *morra*; but the greater part were engaged precisely as Duvivier could have wished, in hearing and narrating the manifold robberies of the day, and in thinking upon their own poverty and privations, of which such rich plunder naturally reminded them.

As Duvivier arrived in the midst of them, he perceived, with great pleasure, a soldier with whom he was well acquainted, pacing the

piazza alone, attentively perusing a little volume which he held in his hand, ever and anon pausing and lifting up his eyes from the volume to regard the city which extended beneath. He was what one would call at first sight a noble looking fellow, with air and features that bespoke nobility, in despite of the simple private grenadier's uniform in which he was clad. Though still in all the strength of manhood, a tinge of grey was on his ample whisker, and it was remarkable how the benignity of his countenance contrasted with the assumed ferocity of his thick moustache. His comrades seemed to regard him with the highest respect ; and whilst they frequently met their very officers with a nod of the head, a jest, or familiar interpellation, none approached the solitary grenadier without touching his cap as he passed.

As Duvivier made toward him, the eye of the veteran brightened, and he immediately suspended his contemplations.

“ Ah, Colonel, 'tis you.”

“ Ay, Latour, come to breathe your pure air.”

“ And well may you. Have I not argued always how much better off we legionaries are than you horsemen. We, for instance, have been for the last month marching from hill-top to hill-top along the ridge of the noble Appenine, whilst you have been scouring the plain and breathing the mephitic vapours of the valley. And now, there are ye quartered below *in fœce Romuli*, whilst we inhabit the wholesome and honourable summit of Father Quirinus’s own hill. *In pedite robur*, saith the historian, and why not *pediti honor?*”

“ Very true,” said Duvivier, humouring the veteran in his favourite argument of the superiority of the foot to the horse-soldier, which he generally followed up by proving the more manifest superiority of a private soldier to his officer. This argument, too, did the Colonel obsequiously endure, patiently awaiting the rational character which would make

its appearance as soon as the customary stock of absurdity which covered it was exhausted, as the upper waters of a spring are drawn off in order to arrive at the pure and wholesome element beneath.

“ And pray, what volume, my dear Latour, have you been fathoming in search of such learned proofs ?”

“ Poh !” said the veteran, holding up the little Elzevir Tacitus that he had been reading ; “ I was but conning over a few of these pages. They keep the enthusiasm of an old soldier alive.”

“ Well, I wish thee joy of thy Latinity ; though how you have contrived to preserve such a necessary in your knapsack so long amazes me. Now I have quitted our good college of Du Plessis but seven years since, when the worthy Marseillois turned us out to the tune of *Ca Ira* ; and yet, curse me, if I could construe a line.”

“ Little blame attend thee, for Cornelius is a crabbed author,” said the veteran, closing

his volume. “ But you, with youth, and the world before you, in these times of action, when life is fraught with more interest than ever classic page recorded, what need have you of such dull excitement ?”

“ The very argument I was about to use, my dear Latour, in order to bring back your attention to the present state of our affairs.”

“ Then urge none such, Colonel, for I will not hear them. My head hath its grey night-cap on,” said the grenadier, uncovering his locks, “ and is laid on the pillow of old-world thoughts ;—yours is young, and agitated as ever was the crest-tossing Hector’s. You are taught to put faith in liberty and fraternity : I was born before these new goddesses were in vogue ; and though much I honour them for affording me the pleasures of a soldier’s life, I neither bow to nor believe in them.”

“ Then why, my dear Latour, are you here with a musket on your shoulder, enrolled amongst the liberators of Italy—the conquering army of Rome ?”

“ For the same reason that impelled you across the bridge of Lodi, and made you swim the Adda in front of the enemy’s batteries. Was it for your epaulettes you did this? was it because you looked on those poor devils of Austrians as tyrants and aristocrats, and such nonsense? No, Colonel, it was simply for no other reason than that for which the Turk takes his pipe, and the French *badaud* his coffee—for the love of excitement. For that am I also here.”

“ Your books then, it seems, are not productive of sufficient excitement, as you name the charm.”

“ No. I tried them in the solitudes of Brittany, and they grew intolerable—they were wearisome, they were fretsome. I grew tired, ashamed of them, and was compelled to join the ranks again from mere ennui. A grenadier’s hat is my only doctoral bonnet. Oh! how I regret those days when learning and warfare went together,—when Camoens wrote and bled; and when Descartes issued from

his Jesuits' College, his head full of diagrams and philosophy, to join as a volunteer in the German armies !”

“ Then, Latour, by this thy own account, thou art the only cold and purely selfish soldier in our ranks.”

“ How,” said the veteran, knitting his brows, “ do I not share fairly with my country ? My arm is hers—permit my thoughts, my whims, to be my own. And what do I demand of her ?—this garb, my rations, and a soldier’s bed. Go to, Eugene Duvivier, in thy enthusiasm for liberty there is more selfishness than in my apathy. I tell you I do not understand your terms nor your doctrines, and therefore seek I no command ; nor would I exchange this habit, of simple blue, for all the embroidered magnificence of Buonaparte. Where the banner of France waves, there am I. Show me her enemies, and, like Theodore the blind cavalier, in rushing on, my duty is performed. But I know what you want, Colonel, and why you come. There is some cabal

afoot,—some address to be carried, or party in the state intimidated, and you seek the influence of Latour D'Auvergne over his comrades in order to carry your point. It is the curse of rank : no sooner does a *brave* gain his epaulettes than he becomes intriguer."

" Come, come, my dear Latour, do not grow warm in order to prove your nonchalance. I know you care not whether Barras or the Conte de Lisle govern the state ;—whether the Directory or the *Manege* have the uppermost ; but to the glory of the army, to the honour of the French soldier, thou canst not be dead. It is no remote political question that now agitates us, but our own honour—that of the army of Italy."

" Demonstrate that to me clearly, Colonel, and I am thine."

Duvivier did demonstrate with all the logic he was capable of, the dishonour that would necessarily accrue to the whole army from the excuseless rapine of its commissaries. He enlarged upon the whole course of their

rapacity from their very entry into Milan—their embezzling the contributions of the Cisalpine, in despite of the stern vigilance of Buonaparte, and their more audacious system of plunder since, throughout the towns of the Romagna. “And here,” concluded he, “in this city; which, if there be any faith to be placed in our proclamations, we pledged ourselves to regard as sacred, and almost to worship; here are the days of the Constable Bourbon renewed, and Rome is sacked; not, indeed, by French soldiers, but by the beggarly sutlers of a French camp! To suffer this will disgrace all of us, and none can it more dishonour than Latour D’Auvergne, *le premier grenadier de la France*.”

“It is enough, Colonel: in such a cause you shall not find me backward. It shall be for this once, *ut centurio, sic miles*. There is not a man in our armies, who has not suffered from these rascal commissaries; and France cannot call a mutiny, what is but an outcry against these sutlers, as you say,

these *caupones*, these coward, purse-cutting civilians——.”

“ Poor fellows,” said Duvivier, with much gravity; “ perhaps they follow the army from the love of excitement !”

“ Should you lose your friend for your jest-sake, Colonel, what would you say ?”

“ I have your word, my dear Latour, for your exertions in this cause, and rest quite satisfied. I mounted hither with the intention of canvassing myself amongst the soldiery; but having won thee over is enough for my purpose. *Adieu, mon grenadier*—all depends upon thy exertions to-night. To-morrow we, poor *equites*, will be ready to second you, and harass the enemy, when your bold front has dispersed them. Hark the chimes, and the drum will follow. *Adieu, à demain.*”

“ *Vive, vale,*” said the grenadier, pocketing his Tacitus, and turning to his barrack, full of the thoughts of honourable mutiny.

“ Strange, gallant mortal,” said Duvivier,

as Latour disappeared—"thou art the purest mixture of the noble and the whimsical, that the world has seen since the days of Don Quixote—what a mixture of the scholar and the soldier, the noble and the republican,—one of the few fine specimens of ancient blood in these late monarchic times, when nobility ran to seed—disdaining any rank save that of the simple soldier; shorn of all his titles, yet, far more self-ennobled, than he could be by any name.—Verily, Latour D’Auvergne, Buonaparte might address thee, as Alexander did Diogenes, and say, were I not the first General, I would be the first Grenadier of France.”

Such were the reflections of Duvivier, as he descended the Quirinal towards his quarters. There he found many of his friends returned, all with most satisfactory tidings. Discontent and resentment every where prevailed, and there had been wanting but just such a bold proposal as Duvivier had sent around, to unite the whole army against the commissaries and

Massena. Every one seemed agreed as to the necessity of resistance; and all willing to join in it. The place of rendezvous alone remained to be decided; and the night was spent in consultation. Some proposed that the army should occupy the Monte Mario, and thence despatch its demands and expostulations to the General. The antiquarian mutineers at first were loud in proposing a secession to the Monte Sacro—quoted Livy too in support of the opinion, and pleaded, not without some reason, that the army could not occupy a stronger post than this formerly chosen by the Roman people, guarded, as it was, on two sides by the Anio, or Teverone. But Duvivier over-ruled this opinion, and would not hearken to the project of quitting the city on any account, and thus abandoning it to the pillage, which they were then uniting to oppose and revenge. The classical party, though compelled to acquiesce in this, were still clamorous in behalf of ancient *associations*. And in the end, although Duvivier pressed

strongly his advice that they should collect in the Piazza of St. Peter's, occupy the Janiculum, the castle and bridge of St. Angelo, in which secure position they might defy whatever enemies chance could raise against them ; yet the assembly were prevailed upon to select, as a place of meeting, the celebrated Pantheon, from whence their expostulations or edicts, as they might be, would sound respectable and formidable. In vain were the weakness and lowness of such a place, as a military position, urged—in vain was it argued, that the Pantheon at the time was partly under water from the inundations of the Tiber : all inconveniences were overlooked for the sake of the great name ; strength was declared not requisite when no enemies appeared, and the Pantheon was accordingly pitched upon to be the place of rendezvous on the following morn.

Colonel Duvivier was too well contented at having carried the material point of resistance, to be much chagrined by this act of classic

indiscretion ; which, moreover, seeing that the whole army joined in his opinion, he could not think of any dangerous consequence. He was happy, not only as a soldier but as a lover, at having brought about this public protest against the rapine of his baser compatriots ; and he gloried in thus standing up for the immunities of Rome, not only as a republican, but as the lover of Vittoria Colonna. “I will prove to her,” thought he, “how unjust were her accusations ; and that nobleness, if it does not run in the blood, may at least warm the heart of the republican soldier.”

CHAPTER VII.

————— “ La vorace
Rapina ha tutto dissipato, eretta
In via scienza, dal poter protetta.”

Monti—Il Bardo della Selva Nera.

THE next morning's sun discovered the Quirinal and its neighbouring convent void of troops. A stillness reigned around the deserted palace of the government, that might well have alarmed Massena, had not the General and his suite been slumbering in security. The foot-brigades, under the influence of Latour D'Auvergne, had resigned themselves before dawn to the command of the associated officers, and were by them ranged along the Corso, and around the Pantheon, which, as before observed, had been chosen to be the

place of rendezvous. Latour D'Auvergne himself, stationed with his comrades in the piazza of the Antonine column, was entreated by the officers to join their council. But the veteran, with a reverential salute, refused to quit his musket or his rank. "*Non, non, Messieurs de l'épée,*" said he, "*je suis de l'ordre de la bayonette, et je ne quitte pas mon rang.*"

The portico of Agrippa, in the meantime, as well as the little place or square before it, was as thronged as ever it could have been in the days of its celebrated founder, when the poet Horace, as his muse has recorded, was wont to pay it his midnight visit. The foreign uniforms and barbarous dialect of the present crowd, however, were little in unison with the famed monument of Roman magnificence; and, to a fanciful observer, the ancient temple might have seemed conscious of its degradation, so significantly did the massy pediment, and the old inscription of Agrippa thereon, frown in the dark pride of antiquity

upon the noisy intruders below. Nay, old Tiber himself had arisen to the relief of his cotemporary fabric, and had come

“With his yellow waves to mantle her distress.”

In truth, the Pantheon was under water, which, as the original and still subsisting pavement of the temple was considerably sunk in the centre, lay a kind of muddy lake in the midst, reflecting chilly the blue sky that shone down upon it from the round aperture above. Each officer, as he entered, stared at his neighbour in amazement, at a choice so much more classical than comfortable. Colonel Duvivier, alone, in the height of his zeal, was not struck with the discomfort which, nevertheless, he had foreseen, and accosted his major, as he entered, with—“Well, how do you find yourself, Walter?”

“Find myself?” replied Walter, “i’ faith up to the neck in mutiny, and to the knees in mud.”

It was now too late, however, to adjourn to

any other place of assemblage ; and the officers, like Milton's infernal peers, extricating themselves from the muddy pool, retreated to a spot as high and dry as the temple afforded, in order to hold their council. Shocked as they all declared themselves to be at the impiety of the commissaries in despoiling the churches, they themselves showed little more reverence—one of the altars of the Pantheon being instantly converted into a desk, with a pair of profane clerks seated at it ; whilst a military president, coolly handing a waxen and extremely well-dressed figure of the Virgin from her niche, proceeded to install himself in her place. The debate that ensued was brief. They were all pretty well agreed upon the drawing up of the declaration, and on the necessity of its being presented to General Massena, by some of the body deputed for the purpose. The declaration itself was high-worded and indeed noble, partaking of the august air of the place in which it was dictated. Its tenor is to be found in history. After

enumerating the injustice and spoliation of the commissaries, it proceeds—

“Such crimes cannot rest unpunished: they cry for vengeance—they dishonour the French name, which ought now more than ever to be respected by the universe. Yes, we swear it in the face of the Eternal, in whose temple we are assembled—We disavow on the part of the French army all spoliation made in the city of Rome, or in the states formerly ecclesiastical. We vow hatred and contempt to the wretches that have been guilty of such, and swear, from this day forth, to be no more the instruments of such monsters, who abuse our bravery and courage.”

In furtherance, they demand that all objects plundered be restored, and that all arrears be paid to them within the space of twenty-four hours. Moreover, “they demand vengeance for the robberies committed at Rome by monsters, by administrations devastatory and corrupted, plunged night and day in luxury and debauch.” And conclude their bold demand

by asserting, that if the General deny them justice, they will consider him as an accomplice in the crimes they denounce.

Some of the body were instantly deputed to present the declaratory petition to General Massena; and Duvivier, as the prime mover of the insurrection, was the person pitched upon to head the deputation. He did not shrink from the dangerous office, and in a short time proceeded to the Quirinal palace, accompanied by a bold and menacing suite. They were met at the portal by General Dallemagne, who sent to acquaint the Commander-in-chief with the arrival of a deputation.—“Disarm them—draw them up in the court-yard,” thundered Massena, “and let a file of the guard fire upon them.” It was respectfully represented in answer to the angry General, that “There was no guard.”

“Then let the general officers of my suite sabre the insolents.”

But the general officers declared that the deputation consisted of a greater force than

the whole palace contained. “Then if they must come up—they must,” reluctantly muttered the commander.

The deputation was accordingly admitted, traversed, with Duvivier at its head, the colonnade of the deserted court, and ascending the staircase, was ushered into the grand apartments—lofty, spacious, and begilded, at the extremity of an immense suite of which lurked the General. The little man—for Massena was of diminutive stature—lay extended upon a couch, his hands clasped over his head, and his teeth grinding together in a paroxysm of passion. His uniform would to us appear as little dignified as his posture, the Commander being habited as the republican generals of that age were, and as Pichegru is represented at St. Cloud—in a blue and gold uniform, yellow leather breeches, and top-boots:—such was the figure that sprung on its feet at the entrance of the deputation. A long, straight nose, and fierce little black eyes were the principal features of that face, which Lavater

has described as the nearest approach to animal formation, and which is most frequently found in the French of the south and the Italian of the north. In Massena, a slight inclination of the head to one side, added to the wolfishness of his countenance, and the keen ferocity of his glance. He was beside himself with passion.

“*Que veux tu faire ici?* What do you want here?” said he to Duvivier, as he raised his sword to his breast, and folded his arms over it, assuming an attitude of dignity, which his fretful and nervous temper did not allow of his preserving for a single moment.

“To present to you, Citizen-General,” replied Duvivier, “this paper, containing the complaints and griefs of the army of Italy, and to await your answer to its contents.”

“Answer!” said the General, snatching the remonstrance from Duvivier’s hand, tearing it into an hundred pieces, and stamping it under his feet. “Rebel! return to your gang. Order them to pile up their arms, and,

after decimation, we may perhaps consider of their griefs."

Duvivier replied calmly, "How can I, General, bring back such answer from the cherished son of victory"—soothing Massena by that flattering title which Buonaparte had bestowed upon him—"to the army of Italy? The petition which you have torn was worded respectfully, and detailed the disgraceful spoliation committed here, in church and palace, by the commissaries of the Directory. It is of them that we demand restitution, and it is upon them that we call for vengeance."

"And what have I to do with the commissaries of the Directory?"

"Deliver them to a military commission to be judged for their crimes."

"A military commission! yes, truly, with Colonel Duvivier as its president. To such you would have me deliver civilians—the immediate servants of the Directory. But begone!—Why do I forget my dignity so far as to hold parley with armed men? My com-

mands shall be communicated to the army by some officers of the republic, one of which I no longer take you, sir, to be."

The Colonel fell back, and was about to retire with the deputation, till struck with the fearful consequences of an open breach between the army and its appointed general, he turned towards the latter in order to make one more endeavour towards peace.

"I pray you, General, to dismiss the deputation of the army of Italy with an answer less harsh. Weigh the honourable, the soldierlike motives that have stirred us up against these civilians, and consider this menacing, and, I allow, unseemly attitude to be assumed by us, more from knowing the want of power in the hands of our commander, than from any wish to insult him. Give up these commissaries then, General—yield to necessity——"

"I tell thee, rebel," replied the angry Massena, interrupting the Colonel, and repeating, without arrogance, the title that he

had well earned, "the cherished son of victory knows not how to yield."

"Not to foes: forbid it that your gallant spirit should ever learn that lesson; but to friends, General—to those who seek to redeem your own character from the stain of being thought to participate in these gainful spoliations."

This plea, intended by the pleader to interest every generous and honourable feeling in the General, aroused, on the contrary, every dormant spark of his indignation. The point of truth in it had, in fact, touched him to the quick; and as his resentment swelled too fast and violently to permit his tongue to give it utterance, the empurpled cheek of Massena warned Duvivier of the hopelessness of all accommodation with a commander who winced so sorely beneath a remark not even intended as an insinuation.

Unable to thunder forth a reply adequate to his wrath, Massena laid his hand upon his sword, and might, perhaps, so far have forgot-

ten himself as to assail the deputation with personal violence, if General Dallemagne, who witnessed the scene, had not restrained him ; and by his interference given Duvivier and his followers time to make a retreat, dignified and slow enough, nevertheless, to show their contempt for their General's wrath. As they descended the staircase they could still hear the raving, stamping, outrageous fit, in which the choleric Massena was venting his spleen.

Dallemagne, who was almost the sole officer that adhered to Massena, allowed the paroxysm of the General's passion to subside before he ventured to sooth or advise him. At length he began to represent how perilous and lamentable at once it would be to force into open insurrection so gallant a body of their comrades, and also how vain would prove all attempts to awe them into obedience, especially at such a time as the present, by the mere assertion of authority, however loud. " Party, revolt, revolution," said Dallemagne, " are now the soldier's pastime. Citizens or soldiers,

with or without arms, know their force as well as their rights, and will exercise both. The *prestige* of authority is dissipated, and the age of decimation long passed. That threat was rather violent, General."

"Did I talk of decimation?" asked Mas-sena, starting up.

"In truth you did."

"You are right," said the commander, smiling at his extravagance. "It was *un peu trop fort, mais que faire?*—What am I to do?"

"Give up these leeches, the commissaries. Their robberies have been scandalous."

"*Allez*, have not you received your pay of late, Dallemagne; that you join in the cant about spoliation with these fellows, whose arrears form the basis of their patriotism?"

"It may be so. But arrears alone, depend upon it, will not satisfy them."

"I know it, good Dallemagne. They have cried for what they call justice, and must cry still in consistency. Besides, this Duvi-

vier would compromise me with the Directory. That is the agitator's aim. What would Barras say, if his agents were hanged?"

"It matters little," replied Dallemagne; "necessity must overbear the dread of his rebuke. If we yield not somewhat, the army is lost to us. I beseech you, General, give up one or two of these *concussionnaires*, to allay this mutiny. Nothing less will restore peace."

"Then, peace shall not be restored by me, I tell thee;—I will not sacrifice over-active officers to rebellious ones; republican, reasoning fellows, that meet in the Pantheon, forsooth, in the temple of all the gods, god-like heroes, to spout justice. Sacred name of G—, a committee, a Jacobin club amongst my officers, proclaiming the rights of men."

"The rights of men not to be robbed," said Dallemagne.

"And who ever guaranteed such right to the conquered?"

"In this instance, our proclamations."

“ Ah ! Berthier has been mimicking his master, and sending forth Ossianic stuff, I suppose, in the shape of addresses. Berthier, General of the Army of Rome, to the Roman people, greeting. This grand eloquent effect was not to be resisted. And so he issued fine promises in verse no doubt——”

“ In prose, though not of the soberest kind.”

“ Which gratuitous munificence on the part of the chevalresque Dunois, I am not bound to keep. Why was the command given to me?—why did I accept it?—To conquer—there were no enemies. No ! but simply to rob, since you will have me speak plainly, to pay myself for past victories, which I gained for the republic with my blood. Berthier was a fool, that neither would nor knew how to pay himself ; and I superseded him in consequence. In a word, Dallemagne, these commissaries act by my commands. None have cause to complain really. The priests have lost their supererogatory plate,

they may fast less off pewter. The aristocrats have lost their baubles, they preserve their heads—no small grace in these times, I promise them. It is in fact a sumptuary law, carried rather abruptly into effect, which will make them more befit their condition, and cause our pockets to be more proportioned, than they have hitherto been, to our glory and our rank. What sayest thou, Dallemagne?”

“ Nothing whatsoever, to a scheme that must remain unfulfilled, at least the latter part of it. The soldiers demand the restitution of the plate and trifles so innocently levied; and it may cost a campaign to deny them.”

“ Go—thou art one of them,” cried Massena, shaking off his only adherent, and seizing his hat; “ I will myself face these mutineers, and command them to their duty.”

Dallemagne, who knew the furious character of Massena, and who was aware that his coming into personal contact with the insurgent officers and troops would lead to some

violent conclusion, dissuaded the General, after much time spent in solicitation, from this step, and at length worried more than convinced him into an acknowledgment of the necessity of moderation. Orders were issued that the arrears should be paid out of the sale of the spoliated articles, for which the *caisse militaire*, when replenished, was no doubt to compensate hereafter those who now give up the booty. This point yielded by Massena, the committee at the Pantheon were straight informed of the obliging compliance; and the information was accompanied by most earnest entreaties from Dallemagne to his comrades, that they too would show themselves moderate and conciliating, that they would slur over the past in oblivion, and attend, as was customary, at the Quirinal with the demeanour and speech of obedient men. This they promised, entertaining the hope, that the most important part of their demand, viz. the punishment of the *concussionnaires*, would be complied with.

Under these impressions the chief officers of the insurgents repaired in the evening to the Quirinal, with all appearance of amity, and were received by the General with corresponding courtesy, to feign which, nevertheless, must have been the effect of most violent and disagreeable exertion on the part of the choleric and head-strong Massena. Dallemagne had laboured to the utmost of his influence and ability to make arrangements for the amicable termination of all differences. To give up the commissaries, however, he could not persuade Massena, who, though he lacked considerably of honour in its full and noblest signification, held resolutely as much of the quality as is proverbially considered to exist amongst thieves.

All these exertions on the part of General Dallemagne proceeded from disinterestedness. He was one of that good-natured species—

“Those harmless expletives of human kind,”

who are unhappy, if any around them be at

variance, and who, in consequence of such weakness, are doomed, fortunately for themselves, to a state of respectable mediocrity. Dallemagne became nor minister nor marshal. He was not born to be conspicuous in life, neither can he be so in these pages, his character being here dwelt upon merely because it could not afterwards be developed; and, because in revolutionary periods the disinterestedness that is manifested on a point neither grand, nor conspicuous, nor remote, but petty and immediate, such as the present was, forms an exception too glaring not to require explanation.

Thus, whilst the amicable part of a weak character led General Dallemagne to labour for a reconciliation between his comrades and their commander, the pernicious, accommodating propensity, that alway accompanies the same character, caused him to overlook the meanness and peculation of the man whom he admired and served.

For some particular reason or whim, Mas-

sena had been in the habit of holding his *levée*, or more properly his *couchée*, at the Quirinal in the evening. And it was owing to this that our acquaintance Bassi had the ill fortune to find himself at this meeting between the General and his revolted officers. Reports of the assemblage at the Pantheon, and its probable consequences could not have failed to reach the Consul's ear, at all times open to sounds of alarm; and his attendance in the present instance was certainly with the hopes of finding the General deserted and alone, and of pouring forth to him assurances of his friendship and fidelity at this crisis. However, as his subsequent intentions were to profess, as privately as possible, the same fervent regard and fidelity to the opposite party, he was not a little disappointed and perplexed to find them thus together. The first glance indeed that acquainted him with the presence of the opposed powers whom he intended to propitiate, so embarrassed him, that the mere awkwardness of his address was sufficient to

reveal, to most of the bystanders, the thoughts and perplexities of the Consul. This discovery excited considerable mirth; and both parties seemed willing to unite, at least so far as to make merry at his expense.

“How comes it, citizen,” said Massena, “that the city enjoys no security—no peace, beneath your consulate?”

“I have not heard,” replied Bassi, with dissimulation that was not intended to be profound, “of any circumstance that can be said to disturb either.”

“What, Sir Consul, have you seen no mutiny?”

“Heard of no robberies?”

“Me—who would rob, or who rebel. I know of no Roman, by my fasces, who hath the courage,” said the Consul, with a frank and egotistic smile, “even if he had the will; and for our deliverers, I myself will answer.”

“Why, thou sneering lawyer,” cried Duvier, uncourteously addressing his quondam acquaintance, “canst thou pretend to deny

having heard of the best wealth of the city being carried off by a plundering gang of our commissaries ?”

The only reply of the poor Consul was a shrug, deprecating, most wofully, the being forced to bear witness to facts disagreeable to the ear of the French commander.

“If French civilians here have done wrong,” said Massena, “they are within the jurisdiction of the local authorities. Let the Consul Bassi seize, and judge the culprits.”

“Me seize Cervoni’s followers!” cried Bassi, in an alarm that no note of admiration could do justice to, and at the same time surprised into the imprudent ejaculation by the thought of such a fearful office devolving on him.

“Cervoni!” cried all, “what has he to do with it?”

“I did not pronounce his name, I vow to all the saints of the republic,” cried the still more frightened Bassi.

“He has accused Cervoni!” cried several voices. “Go on; we will stand by thee,” was

whispered at the same time in the Consul's ear.

"What, sir," said Massena, angrily, "durst you stand up to accuse any officer ; you, who by your own confession, never heard of these robberies till this instant ?"

"I call all the saints to witness, that is," said Bassi, who again recollected that saints were not in vogue with his present companions and protectors, "I vow to liberty and equality, that I did not dream of accusing mortal Frenchman. I am sure, *signori miei*, my sirs, or my citizens I should say, that you will give me credit for more prudence," added the Consul, observing those around smile at his terrors.

"He has accused Cervoni," said an officer ; "let the Consul and the Commander of the garrison be confronted."

"*Jesu Maria !*" said the Consul, "I said nothing such.—I shall be racked, shot, tortured, and impaled. My most dear gentlemen, I am a poor, innocent lawyer, don't kill me to make sport ;" and the Consul assumed

a supplicating attitude, almost approaching to kneeling, which, contrasted with the costume and classic office of the caitiff, had all the effect poor Bassi could have wished, by converting at once the mischievous intentions of his tormentors into a general laugh, too hearty and long not to be the finale of their sport. And, without further molestation, Bassi was suffered to make a speedy escape from the ambuscade into which he had fallen.

The ludicrous pusillanimity of the Consul had rather a favourable influence in increasing the good humour and intelligence that seemed to prevail between the general and his revolted officers for that night. And in a little time they separated rather amicably, each party trusting that on the morrow his opponent would be ready to yield the important object of contention on either side.

The soldiers were ordered, however, to preserve their present stations; and Duvivier, with the rest of his comrades, prepared to pass the night in the Pantheon.

CHAPTER VIII.

“ When a man hath the ill luck to fall in love, he becometh the football not only of his mistress, but of fortune, and of the world.”

PAULULA.

IN order to convert the Pantheon into quarters a little more comfortable, some of the troops had been employed in *bailing* forth the water that had collected in the midst of it.— And now, as the chill night drew on, the place of the pond was occupied by a blazing log-fire, which lit up the ancient dome with unusual glare, and brought its no inconsiderable aid to the conversation and provend, which was inspiring mirth amongst the assembled officers. The events of the day furnished every tongue with remark, with jest, and self-congratulation; the forced concessions, the suppressed

resentment of the passionate Massena, were expatiated upon with delight by the successful mutineers, and they made no doubt that on the morrow all their principal demands would be conceded.

Whatever thoughts pressed upon the mind of Duvivier, which did not trouble his more reckless comrades, those did not prevent him from joining fully in the exultant and jocular converse that prevailed, at the expense of Massena and his trusty commissaries. But as the spirits of the party languished, and their mirth became merged in slumber, Duvivier was abandoned, after the continued turmoil and agitation of some thirty hours, to reflection on his own peculiar position. He was too fatigued to slumber, a paradox we have all experienced, and while those around him seized the boon of repose, he lay stretched on such rude couch as had been spread for him on the pavement of the ancient temple, with wakeful eyes, bent now upon the stars that glimmered through the aperture above, now

upon the dying embers of the fire, now contemplating the vault of the edifice, so sanctified by history, by time, and by the hallowing of all religions, dimly visible here in starlight, there in the faint crimson glare of the still red ashes. In castle, cabin, and cathedral many a strange night had Duvivier passed; and classic scenes and names, so frequent in the peninsula, had lost, from habit and the affectation of others, all their influence upon him. But the present fabric, beneath whose vault he lay, wore, in the still midnight hour, a local majesty too powerful for his indifference; and the thoughts of the young officer, in consequence were hurried on, under the impulse of association, to dreams of Roman grandeur and Roman freedom, till he was lost amongst the manifold glories of the Roman name.

At any other time some idea of toil, of peril, duty, hard blows endured and to be undergone, would have shaken off and put to flight so idle a dream. But his present situation, highly critical and perilous, into which a love

of freedom and hatred of extortion had cast him, harmonized too well with the rigid principles and disinterested heroism of antiquity. And his imagination continued to feed his vanity with the comparison. To sleep whilst such a train of ideas were coursing through his mind was impossible, and Duvivier became at length wearied of the very enthusiasm that would not allow him repose. He determined to walk forth, visit the guards, and allay his restlessness in thus consulting the general security.

Around the Pantheon all was still, except the tread of the sentinel beneath its portico, and the plashing of the fountain that played in the narrow square or place before it. The Colonel bent his steps to the Corso—there too a silence reigned, impossible for even terror to have enforced on any other city of Italy, except desert Rome. From the Quirinal no suspicious sound was heard; and Duvivier continued his midnight stroll along that street of palaces, the length and mass of

each of which, the grated windows, and huge frowning portals, added to the gloomy solitude of the scene and hour. He passed into the Antonine piazza, and, answering the challenges of the wakeful sentinels, bent towards the low line of buildings, where a temporary guard-house had been established. Duvivier caught a glimpse of the interior before he entered. Its tenants were occupied as soldiers, so situated, generally are—some stretched in sleep, others jovially banishing it, and three or four busily engaged in a game at cards; to the fortunes of which, many warlike faces were rigidly attentive. The group, however, that most struck Duvivier, and which was indeed for a guard-house an anomaly incidental to the times, consisted, principally, of Latour, who seated, and bent over his volume to the level of a tall iron lamp that stood upon the floor, was employed in reading, construing, expounding, and commenting upon, certain pages of his beloved *Tacite* to the delight of some half dozen listeners. One of

them, who seemed by far the most zealous and dutiful learner, and who, that one precious word might not escape him, sat between the very knees of the gallant preceptor, offered, certainly, a most strange sample of a scholar. He was a black, grizzle-headed pioneer, with a beard that swept his very apron, and with brows of such shaggy length, as almost to identify themselves with the said beard. He might have been taken for old *Coupe-tête* of revolutionary memory, so wicked and truculent a ruffian did he seem. This was Latour's chosen *discipulus*, as he called him; and the other scholars of the forms around were all nearly as uncouth, and apparently almost as little apt for the classic discipline or enjoyment with which they were occupied.

The passages which he was expounding, contained the defeat of the Germans under Arminius, a narrative that might be made to typify the more recent defeats of Germans by Gallic heroes of fame, rivalling that of Rome. Some difference, however, arose about the ap-

plication, some of the audience looking upon Buonaparte as the Germanicus of the day, a comparison that Latour would not allow—the young troops and the *sabreurs*, who had risen up during the late campaigns, idolizing Buonaparte, whilst the older veterans preferred the equal talents and valour, and more republican virtues of the first generals of the revolution. In the dispute, as is usual upon such occasions, the original cause of the argument, Tacitus and his annals was forgotten; and as each soldier thought himself as competent to pass judgment on the merits of the different generals, as our coffee-house tacticians did in the reign of Queen Anne, the number of disputants promised no speedy termination of the question. One had served on the frontier of Spain, under Degommier, and vaunted his general, whom he remembered to have walked on foot, and even bare-foot, as some say, to take the command of the army allotted to him—Moreau, Pichegru, each had his admirers, but the voice of La-

tour preferred the modest conqueror of Fleurus, Jourdan, to even Buonaparte.

In the midst of the dispute Duvivier entered, and every voice cried to refer the matter to the decision of the Colonel. However invidious the task, he would have uttered his opinion forthwith, had not Latour protested, declaring that he could not leave his opinion to rise or fall according to the judgment of a *sabreur*.

“How, sir,” said Duvivier; “that name to me!”

“A name of just praise, Colonel, that marks you expert at your weapon; but that at the same time marks you as partial to the general who affords most scope for those chivalric feats; a young gallopper over fields of battle, a rash contemner of ancient tactics——”

“Come, Latour, we know thy quarrel with Buonaparte. He threatened to make thee Captain in thy own despite.”

“Si,” grinned the *discipulus*, glorying in the

feats of his preceptor, “on the bridge of Arcole.”

“And I responded to the young commander,” said Latour, “that my name read well enough without a tag.”

“He offered thee any grade, Latour.”

“True, and he called me Jacobin for refusing; which taunt stirred mine old blood. So I returned it, saying, that I had never pointed gun’s mouth but upon the foes of my country.”

“Bravo, Latour,” cried many voices. Buonaparte’s having commanded the artillery during the insurrection of the Sections at Paris being fresh in the memory even of his admirers. And beloved as the victorious general was, Latour was then more so.

Duvivier was no immoderate admirer of Buonaparte; but he had been somewhat nettled by the first remark of Latour, and he observed that “Buonaparte was an hero too young to command the veneration of the veteran.”

“ Think you then my grey hairs jealous of success, or of the laurels of youth ?” said Latour, angrily.

“ That I did not mean. You are above the feeling ; but your ways and prejudices, my dear Latour, are very whimsical, to say the best of them.”

“ Forget not my acts, Colonel ; their whimsicality is equally capricious. Witness this guard-house, and the cause of our thus waking—this mutiny.”

“ Are there not manifest, just and honourable motives for this conduct ?”

“ Which be they ? Were we wronged or robbed of our rations ? For our pay we do not fear ; and if others be deprived of their just plunder, it is not we who suffer—we have never shared it.”

“ Nay, Latour, press not the argument in that pernicious point. What plunder have I shared, or would have shared ? Am I selfishly stirring up my comrades for my proper gain ?”

“ I don’t mean that, Colonel ; but it is, perhaps, some whimsical prejudice, or———”

“ Oh, you turn the tables on me, do you ? Be it so. I must betake myself to a little repose before the morrow, which may be a busy one ; and if thou be free from jealousy, and I from selfish motives, I think we may compound mutually for a great deal of whim.”

“ Ay, but Colonel, a word with you—for I must have the last of the dispute—How came it that this horror of spoliation—this hatred of injustice—this mania, after the manner of Hercules, to cleanse the face of the earth from robbers, never visited or stirred you up before this blessed minute. Have not our friends, the *concussionnaires*, been at Milan, Venice, in every city—nay, in every village, and how hath this innate and most unwhimsical love of justice slept in all our bosoms till now ?”

“ To show thee, learned soldier, that I despise rank as much as thyself, the only way in

which I propose to answer these insinuations of thine, is to measure swords with thee in the moonlight."

A clamour here arose in the guard-house, which showed that the lives of both speakers were too dear to the army to be allowed to peril each other.

"No, Colonel, I know my rank too well to allow of that; and your youth might allow more liberty to the tongue of age without choler. I am fitter to teach than fight: I will instruct, touching the question that I asked, if thou be'st ignorant, or will speak for thee if thou be'st not so."

"Instruct us then, grenadier-professor."

"Here then lies my wisdom:—That a young soldier who hath ever cared more for his quarters and his provisions than for the justice by which it was procured him; who hath looked more to his horse and trappings than to the quiet and content of his host; and who, for three victorious campaigns, has been satisfied to wield the sabre only, leaving the scep-

tre to civilian hands—that soldier, *meus fidius*, or *ventre bleu*, as I may interpret the oath of the ancients, did not start up at once into a patriot and become sensible of the ignominy which rapine would entail upon this glorious army, without some unusual, sudden cause—some stirring up of the heroic man within him ; such as I own I have myself experienced since we quartered here. For truly had our worthy commissaries plundered all the other cities of Europe, Latour had looked on contented ; but Rome—ancient, imperial Rome——”

“ And why may not the magic of the same name account for my unusual sensitiveness to our dishonour, since you think it unusual in me ? ”

“ No, no, Colonel,” exclaimed Latour, holding up his Tacitus, “ here is the elixir that turns my old brain young ; but you, who are not given to conning musty Latin, must have gathered your ‘ splendid bile ’ against these sons of rapine elsewhere.”

“ Where ?—instruct us further, good professor.”

“ Ask me not. There are very many sources of such excitement. Drink is a good though not a lasting one : I’ve seen in my time much patriotism built on Burgundy. But you are no flagon-sucker. Interest and ambition are also causes that drive men to become most furiously disinterested and philanthropic at times ; of neither of these do I accuse you. There is but one cause I have left unmentioned, well calculated to stir up dormant heroism ; and if none of the others suit you, Colonel, this must be the maggot of your brain.”

“ The others most certainly not suiting, what may this maggot be to which I—and I believe we all are likely to be so much indebted ?”

“ Thou must have fallen in love, Colonel Duvivier,” said Latour.

“ Bah !” was the only reply. The keen truth of Latour’s observation, however, failed neither to touch Eugene, nor to excite the universal merriment of the guard-house. And report, even from this slight foundation which had been afforded her, had sent abroad whis-

pers sufficient to corroborate the good-humoured accusation of Latour.

Sleep soon extinguished the mirth, the disputes, and classic readings of the guard-house in the Antonine piazza ; and at the same time laid Duvivier by the side of his comrades on the marble pavement of the Pantheon. Night had but little left of her sullen hours ; and on the first glimpse of the grey morning all were on the alert to gather or receive tidings from the commander. Massena was of that fickle, angry, whimsical temper, from which any resolution, however strange, might be expected ; and his moderation and self-command on the preceding evening, might prove but the prelude to some act of violence or extremity. The mutineers were not long left in suspense. In a little time an aid-de-camp, that had adhered to General Dallemagne, made his appearance amongst the troops, and delivered to them the order of their commander, that they should instantly prepare to evacuate Rome, and march northward. This occasioned fresh de-

bates, which ended in a bold refusal on the part of the troops, to quit their present position, until all their demands were complied with. Massena, although he might have well expected this fresh contempt of his authority, was transported, upon hearing it, to new paroxysms of rage ; equally unable to yield himself, as to enforce obedience to his will, the angry General gave up the command, provisionally, to Dallemagne, and left Rome, vowing indignation and revenge.

The committee of the Pantheon, in the mean time, determined to prosecute their plans and menaces, issued addresses to the Roman people, exculpating the army from the blame of the robberies that had been committed, and calling upon the plundered to bring in an account of what they had lost, and to lodge their complaints against the guilty. They hoped by this means to conciliate the good will of the Romans, in which, however successful with the middling orders, all the lower rank, and a great portion of the higher, were too

deeply prejudiced against their invaders to look upon such addresses as otherwise than false and insidious.

Dallemagne having taken upon him the command, spent the greater part of the day in negotiating with the insurgents; and although he was prepared to yield almost every point disputed, still it became evident that the mutineers had gathered audacity from Massena's departure, and rose in their demands as Dallemagne yielded in his concessions. Duvivier, who was now for peaceful counsels, was out-clamoured and out-voted, and he began to experience the fate of all movers of insurrection, who, the first to open the sluice-gate for the innundation, are also the first to be overwhelmed and borne down by the violence of the stream. Our Colonel felt not a little disgusted at this sudden loss of influence and consideration—a disappointment which he felt to allay considerably the patriotic ardour that Latour had noticed to have been so lately excited in him.

As is the case with all popular assemblies newly possessed of power, the occupation that seemed most pleasing to the committee, was the exercise of the functions it had usurped. And, instead of listening to the overtures of Dallemagne, or uniting with him to punish the objects of the present universal indignation, they amused themselves by receiving statements and hearing witnesses respecting the crimes and robberies committed. Prince Barberini, amongst others, came to complain of the loss of his noble stud; and these flattering appeals to their authority took up for the present all their attention. In vain Duvivier urged that every object was gained for which they had seceded—in vain did he point out to them the possibility of lurking enemies, who might be provoked to some daring enterprise by their present divisions; and the present position taken up by the troops in the very hollow of the city, without possessing one of its keys or commanding places, left them liable to, and almost provoked surprise. But the idea of quit-

ting the Pantheon for quarters less famous—less sounding, at the head of resolutions and addresses, was not to be entertained. The younger and more ambitious agitators ridiculed the Colonel's fears; and some even accused him of being won over by Dallemagne to betray them.

This last was too much for Duvivier's patience. He marked the accuser as one with whom a future account was to be settled, not wishing to increase the present confusion of their affairs by an immoderate and unseemly broil. He retired from the conspicuous place he had hitherto occupied, and abandoned the cares of this little senate, to men more fit to rule in those petty fields of contention. Duvivier, accompanied by Walter, who felt even more disgusted than his Colonel at the spirit which prevailed, and the consequences that were likely to follow, left the Pantheon in no happy mood of temper, struck with remorse for his folly in having interested himself for the honour of a body of men incapable of

either appreciating or sharing in his feelings.

“ Thus comes it,” cried he, “ of a soldier’s meddling with aught but his sword. It is new to me : Latour was right. It is my first, and shall be my last attempt at policy, or at heroism, out of the way of my profession.”

“ Whither so fast, Colonel?” said the voice of Latour, who just encountered the seceders.

“ To the devil, sir,” was all the reply deigned by the chafed Duvivier.

“ *Facilis descensus Averni*,” muttered the veteran.

“ The question,” said Walter, “ was not so *mal-a-propos*. Whither are we going?”

“ I’m sure I know not,” replied the Colonel.

“ We had better betake ourselves to our old quarters in the Colonna palace.”

“ True—why should we not? It is empty no doubt.”

“ And if the Lady Vittoria be there, we shall have more agreeable company, I trow, than yon gang of brawlers ; and, moreover,

a softer couch than the pavement of that classic temple, than which, in despite of its fame, I never found a more uncomfortable bivouac."

"Thou hast reason, Walter—*Allons.*"

During this brief conversation the brother officers had left the Corso and entered the Piazza Colonna, too much absorbed in the scene which they had just quitted to remark the hurry and numbers of those who passed, unusual at all times in that desert quarter.—A crowd of Franciscan monks stood in the portico of their monastery, consoling, and affecting to convey information to the surrounding bystanders, from whom in reality they were gleaning it. The divisions among their invading enemies, the advantage that might be taken of them, and the consequences likely to follow, were the points that occupied the holy *quid-nuncs*. Aware with what peril their uttered hopes and conjectures were fraught, the friars vanished within their chapel, and the crowd dispersed at the first glimpse of the

uniforms of Walter and Duvivier. The sudden dispersion did not escape the notice of the officers; nor, moreover, that a lay-servitor of the monastery made his way in such rapid trot as his monkish sandals could shuffle, to the Colonna palace.

“The Prince must have arrived during our absence,” observed Walter.

“Apparently,” said Duvivier; “and yet I never understood that it was his custom to hold so numerous a levee, as the crowd that at present issue from his portal.”

As they approached, a cumbrous and magnificent vehicle was rolling from under the arch-way, bedizened and begilt in proportion to its clumsiness, and drawn by two sleek and gigantic mules, the tokens of prelatie humility. The occupants of this fine and uncouth chariot were apparently two cardinals, such at least their scarlet tenour bespoke them; and in the countenance of one of them, Duvivier was certain that he recognized the marked features of the Colonna family. His resemblance

to the Prince was striking, and Duvivier was certain it could be no other than the Cardinal Colonna. Their eminences, as they passed, gazed fixedly on the officers, as upon objects that had very unexpectedly crossed their path, compensating, however, for the rudeness by a most gracious and condescending salute.

The Colonel and Major entered the palace, and were welcomed by Domenico, whose prejudice against the young *forestieri* had been quite overcome by seeing a large portion of the plate, and other old valuables of the family, brought back on this morning. They had been discovered in the quarters of Carrier, a noted *concussionnaire*, and the Colonel had instantly despatched them to the palace.— They now inquired of the old domestic whether, as they supposed, the Prince had returned from Gensano?

“*Si*—his *Altezza*, and the *Signora Vittoria*, had just been receiving the visits of their friends.”

“I did not think that so many visitors

were in the habit of thronging the Colonna palace."

"*Ma che!*" cried Domenico, with indescribable tone and untranslatable expression, "I have seen more gilt coaches at this portal than yon piazza would contain—dukes, princes, ministers, and strangers," (this was ever Domenico's progression of rank,) "beyond the power to number,—*tré Sovrano*, three kings," continued he, holding up, with Italian gesticulation, three crooked, old fingers, as representatives of the monarchs who had visited his master.

"And which might they be, sir?" asked Walter.

"*Era primo Guiseppe*—there was first Joseph, afterwards Emperor," replied the old man, placing the forefinger of his right hand on the upright forefinger of his left; "then there was the King of Sweden; and this," said he, touching a wizzened, shrivelled, broken-backed thumb, "was Paul the Emperor."

“ And not unlike him either, o’ my faith,” said Walter.

“ Devil take the fellow, and his three kings,” cried the Colonel ; “ let us pay our respects to the Prince.”

Walter, who was neither a courtier nor a gallant, and whose appetite was not by any means satiated during the troubles and debates of the morning, proposed to *dejeune*, as Lady Margaret Bellenden would say, in lieu of paying court or visit. And therefore Duvivier, after some slight change of apparel, of the necessity of which his friend reminded him, repaired alone, preceded by Domenico, to the Prince’s cabinet. The visit, the conversation, and inquiries that he meditated, were intended for Vittoria alone, as the presence of the lethargic Prince went of course for nothing in the young soldier’s anticipation of the interview.

It was not, therefore, without considerable astonishment that, on being ushered into the cabinet, he saw the hitherto dormant Prince

Colonna traversing the little apartment with rapid strides, his head no longer sunk upon his breast, but erect, and his eyes not as usual fixed, or vaguely speculating on vacancy, but bent on all around him with the steadiness of rational perception, and the vivacity of felt excitement. Vittoria was seated, beautiful as ever, and wearing that anxious, agitated look, which though not natural to her, had yet been continually upon her countenance since Duvivier had first beheld it.

The Prince was speaking as Duvivier entered, and did not perceive him until his daughter called his attention to the Colonel, as the French officer to whom they were so much indebted for protection, and this day for the restitution of much that had been plundered and taken away.

“And how is it ordered, Signora Vittoria,” said the Prince to his daughter, “that I am to express my gratitude to this gentleman for his *protection*? There was a time the Cæsars even durst not have used the word.”

“No need of further gratitude, Prince Colonna, than that of accepting my future services,” said Duvivier.

“Is it your opinion, sir, that we shall need them?” rejoined the Prince.

“I trust not.”

“*I* trust so too,” added the Prince, extending fervently his aged arms towards heaven, and then continuing to pace the room as before.

Vittoria had scarcely time to address the young French officer, when the Prince who had become absorbed in his ideas, and had totally forgotten the explanation he had just received, stopped his pace, and demanded of his daughter, abruptly, “Who is this?”

The young lady again informed her father calmly, as she had done before; and this circumstance that marked the oblivion and aberration of the Prince’s intellect, in despite of an interval comparatively lucid, had the effect of allaying every resentful feeling in the breast of Duvivier, and of converting his rising indignation into reverence and pity.

“ And who is your commander ?”

“ At this moment we happen, I may say, to have none.”

“ Ah ! just fate. The invader fell ; another, constable Bourbon, has perished beneath the walls of Rome.”

“ Not so,” said Duvivier, “ our late commander, General Berthier, lives.”

“ Does he so ? That, too, is just. He merited not the death of Bourbon, who came with arms, and perished by them. Whilst this man came with treachery, and leagued with knaves and villains. But he shall perish like Bourbon, a traitor and an ingrate to the hand that raised him ; not like that bold warrior on the field—no, a woman’s death shall be his. Mark the words of old Colonna. An insult to Rome shall not pass unrevenged.”

“ We have been just endeavouring to take vengeance for some of her late insults,” observed Duvivier, smiling, and directing his remark to Vittoria.

“ And what empowers you to be avengers of the wrongs of a land where ye are intruders ?”

“ The right of all mankind to avenge the injured.”

“ And I tell thee, Frenchman, we will not be so avenged. Rome shall right her own wrongs.”

“ Would she were in a state to do so.”

“ She is, she will, she is this hour about it.”

“ Indeed.”

“ Hie home, and save yourselves. Colonna warns you as an act of gratitude and private friendship. The old days come again, and Bear and Column both unite against the invaders of their common country. The Cross and Church's keys are reared, not against the eagle of the Cæsars, as they long were wont to be, but with it against you, ye infidels and spoilers. Italy awakes. I have seen her bands rise from the earth to surround and crush you. These old eyes, I tell you, have seen it, and are satisfied to close for ever.

Fly—daughter, conduct him forth, show him the path of safety. Let not the blood of our guest be upon our hearth, nor our hospitality be stained.”

Vittoria hurried the French officer away from the cabinet of the Prince, whom his presence was exciting to a high pitch of frenzy; but no sooner were they retired, than they perceived that the old noble immediately sunk in exhaustion to a degree of lethargy proportionate to his excitement.

Pointed as were the wild menaces of Prince Colonna, and apt to the present crisis of affairs, they made none, or at least but a momentary impression upon the Colonel, who had been previously witness to one or two bursts of the Prince's awakened intellect and fury. His present warnings seemed to Duvivier but the hopes of the patriotic and sensitive noble taken for granted by his imagination, and poured forth in the excess of his excitement. Accustomed, moreover, to the confidence and disregard of peril that accompanies

the victorious soldier, the wild, vague menaces of the Prince excited no suspicion in his breast; and while Vittoria expected to be questioned by him respecting the plot and general insurrection, which the Prince had imprudently revealed, the thoughts that occupied his mind were far removed from any anxiety of the kind.

His first question, however, made Vittoria tremble for the secret which involved the fate of her family and of Rome.

“ You have heard, lady, of the events of yesterday ?”

“ I have, I believe, in part.”

“ And are thence prepared, I trust, to exonerate me and my comrades from the accusation with which you charged us—that of being a mere horde of plunderers, achieving conquest but as the means of gratifying avarice.”

“ Could I have uttered such an accusation, Colonel Duvivier ?”

“ In truth, yes; and warmly urged it too,—

moreover scorning me, thy devoted servant, with being a foe to Rome, and to her religion. From *thy* lips, lady, these were taunts that wounded deeply. I valued thy esteem too highly to allow many days to pass without attempting to disprove them. See the wholesome omnipotence of beauty ! Without its frown our characters might have gone down to history impeached and stained. Thanks to it, we have proved our honour and disinterestedness ; nay, more—our willingness to hazard all in defence of them. We have expostulated with our General—resisted—and shaken off his authority. He has departed in anger. The spoiler we have punished—and the spoil restored. And here we stand, mutineers, at war with the established government of our country, for our own honours, and for justice sake, no doubt, but also on thy account : for I confess myself the mover of this insurrection—to subdue thy prejudices, Signora Colonna.”

“ The Virgin shield us from folly ! ” ex-

claimed Vittoria, “ you cannot have thrown yourself into this peril for so trivial a cause as a few idle words of mine.”

“ If you do but retract your harsh opinions, I am repaid.”

“ I never entertained any worth a moment’s thought, Colonel Duvivier. How you could have attributed to them such importance is inconceivable to me.”

“ Simply because I loved you, lady. Take a soldier’s frank avowal.”

“ *T’s!*” cried Vittoria, looking round in terror, as if she dreaded being seen, tolerant of such a word from such a suitor, by the portraits of her ancestors, that looked at intervals from the summit of the hall, with countenances of proud dignity, which their descendant might imagine to be rebuke.—“ Were you wise, sir, your mind would be bent on other thoughts at this moment.”

“ On no others shall they be bent, let what will threaten, till I gain more surety in this.”

Vittoria’s countenance was not that of a

lady who receives a declaration of love: it expressed pain, and anxiety, and agitation, produced by some more powerful cause; for, as Duvivier spoke, his words seemed to pass unregarded by her in the internal struggle that was taking place in her mind. Duvivier himself, in the midst of his ardour, saw that the hour for pressing his suit was not yet come. He remained silent—astonished, awaiting the solution of the enigma, for such to him was the mute distraction of Vittoria.

“I know not what to do,” cried she, more in soliloquy than addressing her suitor; “to see him depart thus, is impossible—it is treachery; and to tell him all—a treachery worse. Whither go you, sir?” asked she abruptly.

“Go, signora—nowhere? I rest here anxious at your feet.”

Vittoria smiled. She had forgotten the attitude of her lover in anxiety for his fate. A thought occurred to her; and, by putting aside irresolution, it restored the natural, commanding dignity of her manner.

“ Rise, sir, and obey me. What—do you hesitate? Or are you ignorant how much for me to exercise command over you bestows a favour? You will remain here, in this palace, to-night, and until night. You promise me?”

“ ’Tis no harsh order; and yet ——”

“ Your word to keep it, ’tis my first request?”

“ But why—the reason? Your words seem not those of mere caprice;—and the request, if not so dictated, is one that demands a reason.”

“ I have then miscalculated my influence, and crave your pardon, Colonel.”

“ I demand but to visit my comrades for one half-hour. I own my suspicions for their safety are awakened. That done—nay, stay, signora, a moment. I will remain if you be peremptory.—She’s gone: and what she would intimate, or means, by all the gods of Rome and saints of Italy, I cannot, for the life of me, divine!”

CHAPTER IX.

“ Allor conobbi, che fatale è Roma,
Che la *tremenda vanità* di Francia
Sul Tebro è nebbia che dal sol si doma.”

MONTI.

It was impossible that the Romans should have beheld these divisions and dissensions amongst their enemies with indifference. The higher orders had lost all—wealth, title, influence; and were far from possessing even personal security. The rabble, notwithstanding the blandishments of the French, stood firm in their abhorrence of the impious Ultramontanes; and even the middling ranks began to find that the contributions, likely to be levied during the reign of liberty, would prove more

onerous than those extorted from them by the profuse and needy Pius. The invading army did not, at its first entrance into the Roman territory, exceed twelve thousand men, and the greater part of these were now scattered along the frontiers of Naples, and in garrison throughout the towns of Romagna. The troops at Rome were few in number ; and, collected as they now were, in the low and narrow quarter of the city, between the Pantheon and the Monte Citorio, the Romans were led to form a contemptuous estimate of the force of their conquerors—self-called liberators.

The old prelates and nobles of the Papal court did not fail to perceive the chance now afforded them of recovering their lost pre-eminence. They met, communicated, and opened a correspondence with their exiled or captive brethren ; and, if the republicans had fine names and imposing ceremonies to exalt the grandeur of their cause, those ancients, on the other hand, whilst conspiring to re-elevate the popedom and its aristocracy,

called equally on their mutual patriotism, and invoked the manes of saints and ancestors to forward their noble and righteous enterprise.

In such an undertaking Prince Colonna was not to be overlooked; and, little as he might aid the cause by counsel, his name was, in itself, a host. Every aid and co-operation, moreover, was to be expected from Vittoria—the young, enthusiastic, and independant daughter of that ancient Roman house. A despatch from the Cardinal Colonna brought his brother and niece immediately to Rome; and, whilst the conciliabule of the Pantheon was issuing forth its decrees, raving of the times of Brutus, and enjoying in its corporate person all the airs and vanities of democracy, a more secret council was held in the Colonna palace, for the purpose of their instant destruction. Vittoria had been present at the meeting, approved its sacred purposes, and joined ardently in the furtherance and assistance of the cause; nor, whilst her reverend uncle, the cardinal, solemnly invoked the aid and

favour of the Virgin in prosecuting the measure that they meditated, did Vittoria's mind shrink, in the least horror, for the blood about to be spilled ; nor scarcely did a thought for the safety of her young acquaintance, Duvi-
vier, interfere to mar the course of her enthusiasm.

No sooner, however, had the secret council broken up, and its members departed, than it occurred to Vittoria that the Pantheon, about that night to be the object of a murderous attack, contained, at least, one life not altogether indifferent to her. This thought troubled her, and proved a strong alloy to the purity of her religious and patriotic hopes ; and, whilst the Prince, whose senses had been awakened, and his imagination excited to action and consistency by the bustle and interest of the council, continued his ravings, soothsayings, and denunciations—his daughter, pale with anxiety and irresolution, was endeavouring, whilst she feigned attention to his wild conversation, to fix upon some expedient for removing the

French Colonel from the fatal and devoted Pantheon. The sudden entrance of that officer relieved her from this task, but occasioned her, as we have seen, new causes of uneasiness ; and, at length, her ill-concealed anxiety counteracted all her plans and hopes, and sent Duvivier, suspicious of mystery and peril, back to the quarters of his comrades, to warn them that some secret and hostile enterprise was meditated on the part of the Romans. His information was not received with the attention that it deserved : the Colonel was looked on as a seceder, and as an especial enemy to the classic choice of the Pantheon for head-quarters. He, in consequence, retired in renewed disgust to the Colonna palace ; whilst his comrades, partly, but not altogether slighting his advice, doubled their outposts, and took some other slight precautions against a possible, but not credited danger.

As night at length drew nigh, to the increased anxiety of both Duvivier and Vittoria

Colonna, the French soldiery, unwarned by their elated and insurgent officers of any approaching peril, were occupied in their usual way, many separating from their comrades in search of adventure or plunder, or of some new and curious sight, or a good supper. In the meantime, the Trastevere, or that quarter of Rome beyond the Tiber, in which the labouring classes of the city reside huddled together, and which consequently is considered the only part where the genuine descendants of the ancient Romans are to be found, was in unusual commotion. It is a quarter completely separated from the more elegant parts of the city, by the Tiber and by a paucity of bridges; for the remains of the Sublician bridge, whence Cocles sprung, still exists, and marks a fit and classic place for one, whilst half of another splendid bridge stretches nearly across the river, and wants but another arch to complete the span and unite Trastevere to the quarter of the Capitol; but the “powers that were,” whether

French or Papal, expended for vanity more than for use; and, amidst a thousand gew-gaw improvements, the bridge remains a ruin. No road passes through the Trestevero, moreover, except the unfrequented one to Ostia and Civita Vecchia; no palace, except that of a solitary and always absentee cardinal, overlooks its hovels; and this is the charm to its rude inhabitants who scorn to live with the mechanic beneath the shadow of the proud man's mansion. They tend and drive oxen, till the scanty soil around the city, and live amongst themselves, in their retired quarter, equally independent of Pope and Prince. They have even ceased to be bigoted at times, and have frequently risen in insurrection against the priestly power of the Holy Father. The present, however, was a time that awakened all their religious zeal; the impious, disbelieving French were their enemies, their invaders; and, what was more unpardonable than either impiety or invasion, they had considerably raised the

price of bread by taxes, as well as by the unusual consumption.

To the Trasteverini were joined the rabble of a quarter now demolished: these were the Popolani, so called from their inhabiting a hive of hovels in the small space between the Porta del Popolo and the Tiber. The French have since rooted out this race and destroyed their habitations; but at the time we speak of, the Popolani reinforced the Trasteverini with considerable numbers.

Night no sooner fell, than the Trastevero was in motion. The piazza on the other side of the Ponte Sisto contained the chiefs of the insurrection, and the head of an interminable, tumultuary column that extended its disordreed ranks far to the Ripa, the walls, and even beyond them. The commanders of this irregular army seemed for the most part to be ecclesiastics of the lower order, priests arrayed in the armour of their sacred habiliments, and armed like Frere Jean in Rabelais, with a ponderous crucifix; while crowds of mendicant friars,

turned militant for the occasion, arrogated to themselves the place of honour and of danger.

The most active leader of these disorderly forces was habited as a capuchin, except that the cloth robe or gown of the order was curtailed, so as not to descend below his knees, or impede his exertions. He was a stout, muscular figure, low of stature, but of Herculean build and breadth: his huge, bushy beard, descending down his breast, was so matted and of such consistency, that it could be said neither to wave nor flow, stiffly partaking, on the contrary, of every motion of the chin from which it hung. The head of the friar bore a crop of equal density, especially around its circumference; the thick bristles of what once had suffered the tonsure springing from his crown, and supporting neither the cowl of the friar nor the three-cocked hat of the priest, but the little conical hat of the Roman peasant. In his cincture of cord were fixed two brace of pistols, while a stout oxgoad was grasped by his right hand, and form-

ed, as he strode from place to place, no unfit emblem of his authority. This, however ample, for he seemed held in considerable awe, if not in esteem, by his troops, was for the present shared with a diminutive ecclesiastic, whose concealed rank could alone have enabled him to cope with the gigantic friar. His dress was that of a simple curate; but the red patch of tonsure, which escaped from beneath his huge hat, and which he had not thought it necessary perhaps to change, betrayed that this mover of the insurrection was a cardinal.

This personage went from rank to rank, spoke his commands in whispers, here took a straggler by the arm and conducted him gently to his place in the column, there gently chided another for his ill-timed zeal, gave his blessing when besought by the devout, and at times his holy hand to kiss; his eyes the whole time bent with fixed humility upon the earth, and in appearance altogether free from the enthusiasm that filled the breasts of all around. Similar acts of command were performed,

though in a very different style, by the burly friar, who eyed askance, and with contempt, the little, trifling acts by which the dignitary displayed his authority, for with no other purpose could such manœuvring have been gone through.

“*Corpo della Santissima Trinità!*” exclaimed the friar at length, jerking both his hands over his head, with that violent gesture that always is used by the Italian when impatient, “how much longer are we to wait?”

“Patience, friar, it is part of thy vow; as it is also not to transgress the ordinations of the Church, which forbid the profanation of such sacred names.”

“——” said the friar, uttering an indecency, since impiety was forbidden him, “how am I to vent my spleen?”

“If thou must swear, thou bold and rough soldier of Christ,” said the ecclesiastic, soothing his partner in command though inferior in dignity, “swear by the oath which the Church allows.”

“*Corpo di Bacco!* then,” said the friar, “since the Church allows us to invoke no Saint when in anger, but his godship of wine—and, in my opinion, there is not one in the calendar more affable or more obliging—when are we to raise these holy ensigns, and rush upon these infidels?”

“The moment is not yet come. The glimmer of twilight still lingers, rendering each object too discernible. And I feel not yet the order of Heaven communicated to my heart, bidding you on.” The latter part of his reply the ecclesiastic spoke with a loud voice, and the monastic head of the column heard in silence and awe.

“If thou hast not,” said the friar, “I have felt it in my heart, and long since.”

“Thou?”

“Ay, I, Fra Diavolo, as your eminence was about to add. The inspiration of Heaven hath oftener deigned to enter the brain of the cowled friar, than of that which is surmounted by mitre or tiara.”

“It is true,” replied his eminence, “the abstinence, mortification, and rigid devotion of recluses, have often won for them superior sanctity. And though I believe the dignitaries of the church yield not to them in piety, in Christian virtue, nor in abstinence—in abstinence, sir, I repeat, in despite your grin; yet the popular severities of the monks have gained the palm of sanctity from them, in the opinions of the vulgar. But thou, Fra, whose self-chosen name I dare not repeat, the legends speak not of thy abstinence, thy flagellation.”

“They wrong me much then. For six days and nights have I fasted in a cavern of the Abruzzi.”

“I doubt it not, Fra, when there was a price upon thy brigand head.”

“Scourged, branded, shorn of my ears have I been in the good cause——”

“Of what, graceless?”

“Of a free life, and a full pocket.”

“And you dare jest upon your crimes, to a prelate of the Church?”

“ His powers of ablution and indulgence—less limited.”

“ They avail not the guilty.”

“ What! not the soldier of Christ,—the chief of fifty stout hearts, sharp stiletos, and unerring fusils, Fra Diavolo, the king of the mountains, the terror of wayfarers, and of ill-doers even lurking by their own fireside, the rearer of the popedom and the prelacy, who hath on parchment the commission of his holiness——”

“ Hold! good brother, this crusade would wash white stains of a deeper dye than are in thy soul. I am only strict with thee, lest having performed the good deed, and restored the church, thereby become whole and innocent thyself, thou shouldst recur to thine evil, mountain, murderous ways.”

Fear not, the comrade of your eminence, and the rescuer of our sovereign Pontiff from the hands of these robbers, shall have more crowns than he can spend conveniently in

yonder mountains: silk and velvet henceforth for the loins of Fra Diavolo."

"What order of monks gave you such rules of life, or endowed such a name as this you bear?"

"*I Jesuiti neri*—the black Jesuits," replied the Fra, with a grin.

"But this is the robe of a Franciscan," said the prelate, laying hold of his curtailed frock.

"Our vow is to take what Heaven sends, whether garment or victual; and this came on the back of a mendicant, who so far broke through his vows as to carry dollars in his scrip, which, being loath to part with, he lost, with my wild fraternity, his life and frock.—But we have spent time in babbling."

"The better," replied the ecclesiastic, "the night has gained the proper pitch of darkness; and we, to our followers' view, have been engaged in sage council and deliberation."

"Two wise heads pondering over a wise argument," said the friar, with his usual extension of mouth and display of teeth.

“ I will, by a far path, hurry to the hills, and urge on the aid that Braschi has promised us ; then straight on to the Pantheon.”

“ Ay, get thee by the back way, and fear not Fra Diavolo.”

The friar forthwith set willingly about the task, which the timidity of the cardinal abandoned to him. And his first act was to despatch, as a species of vanguard, across the bridge, a chosen troop of active fellows, dressed in the garb of female peasants. Their robust size and manly make scarcely marred their disguise, so universally stout and sturdy are the Roman women. The flat, square kerchief on each head, concealed perfectly that part of the person by which this disguise would most easily have been recognised ; and as they marched in the coarse woollen shirt and coarse petticoats of their wives or other female relatives, it would have required a keen eye and clear day-light to have discovered that these garments were not borne by their original wearers.

This disguised vanguard was for the purpose of removing out of the way any straggling French, who might by their speed or shot give warning to their fellows of the approach of the insurgents. And such office was effectually performed by the active Trasteverini approaching each solitary straggler, or band of stragglers, under cover of their female disguise, and burying their stilettos in the breasts of the foreigners, before a single cry of alarm could be uttered. Very many of the French perished in this fearful manner; and the bodies instantly carried and thrown into the Tiber, left no traces of the massacre. Following the steps of these fearful skirmishers, the mass or column of the Trasteverini passed the Ponte Sisto, led on by Fra Diavolo, the famed brigand chief of those days, now in the pay of the Pontiff, and sharing his command with the princes of the Church. At the head of the procession—for under the guise of a religious ceremony the crowded column moved—was raised a silver image of the Virgin; and it

required the utmost exertion of Fra Diavolo to restrain his enthusiastic soldiers from thundering forth a hymn—at once invoking the blessed Virgin, and inciting their own courage.

Whilst these soldiers of the Church were collecting, and before they had advanced from the quarter whence they marched, Latour D'Auvergne, who had perused and re-perused every page of his Tacitus, had set forth to gather some provender for his studious appetite, his comrades being then engaged in catering for that of their stomachs. The veteran had bent his steps, on this quest, to the Augustinian monastery, with the good monks of which he had made acquaintance soon after his arrival, attracted by the learning and the library of the brotherhood, which were both extensive. He entered the hall of the monastery while the good monks were at vespers; and a lay-servitor of the order, as soon as he observed the uniform of the infidel soldier, fell on his knees and covered his eyes, and began to chaunt his "*misericordia*" in a voice that,

but for the vesper hymn then resounding in the chapel, would have startled and aroused the whole monastic establishment. His cry luckily attracted a senior brother, and one of better nerve; but even he, when Latour begged to procure or borrow a Polybius from the library, began to stammer with trepidation.

“I am no commissary, my good friend,” said Latour.

“*Altro, altro*—quite another sort of a person, *ma* —” And the brother, who affixed another signification to *borrowing* from that which Latour meant, continued to stammer, till on the arrival of the whole brotherhood from vespers they found and welcomed the learned veteran.

Latour was a great favourite with them; and their first feeling, repressed however on beholding him, was one of horror, as they recollected the attack which was then commencing, and the peril which the veteran had escaped in coming, but would inevitably encounter on his return to his quarters. In order to pre-

serve so learned a life, the good fathers, like Vittoria in her anxiety for Duvivier, determined to keep Latour safe within their convent walls, until the storm of the Trasteverini had passed over the city. They led him straight into the refectory, covered the table with cold viands, and dishes hastily cooked up, and producing some of the choice *Lachryma*, which was preserved in the convent cellars, solely, the prior declared, to cheer the sick couch of any of the indisposed brotherhood ; they poured it forth to cheer the veteran.

“ But *halte!* ho ! I say, my friends,” cried Latour, as the lay-brethren heaped the groaning table, “ I am neither commandant nor commissary, but a simple soldier, without a shred of gold upon his coat : all this for me ? ”

“ For thee, and all of us. The vesper chaunts are exhausting, and we need refreshment ; nay, even a generous draught of wine is at present requisite.”

“ Yes, in truth,” observed Latour, “ you seem to have chaunted your evening prayer

most fervently—you are all flushed and heated as if with physical exertion.”

The brotherhood grew more flushed at the remark ; for in truth the pious friars had been invoking and calling down heavenly aid to support the Church and the Trasteverini against the invaders of St. Peter’s patrimony, and the dethroners of his successor—for so they considered Pius. The Prior, however, adroitly turned the conversation to its former course.

“ To those who come for contributions we pay them that which they demand in all obedience, even though we melt our church plate to fill up the sum ; and offer, at the same time, a pure draught from the fountain yonder, to refresh them in their arduous task ; but to such visitors as thyself, who come in quest, not of vile metal, but of the stores of learning, which, in honour of our holy founder, the learned and eloquent St. Augustin, have been committed to our keeping. For thee the balm of the sick couch shall be poured forth, and even the brotherhood shall abate of their cus-

tomary rigours to do thee honour, and to enjoy thy converse."

"*Si*, even though he be in the camp of the Philistines," added a zealous brother, heated beyond the bounds of prudence by his late devotions.

"Art thou Sampson, brother," said Latour, "that thou callest me a Philistine?"

"He is in truth at meal-time," answered the Prior.

"When he useth the weapon of the Jewish champion," added Latour, whose repartee was not the less enjoyed for being threadbare.

"Brother Sampson," said the Prior, "for by no other name will I know thee henceforth, thou shalt do penance for thy impertinence in bringing from the cave another bottle of those precious tears. Are they not excellent, Signor Soldier? though I had rather call you brother, or your eminence."

"Be content with my title as I am with thy wine, Prior. It is excellent. This juice of the grape hath in it the spirit of a noble

stem, softened by the generosity of age—the ‘*generosum et lene*’ of the poet.”

“ Even as thyself, Latour D’Auvergne,” said the Prior, who thought a compliment might aid the good cheer in detaining the veteran. On the contrary, however, it awakened his vigilance.

“ But I came here,” exclaimed he, “ for Polybius, not compliments.”

“ Bless us,” said the Prior, “ it will demand a long search to enable us to lay our hands upon a work so foreign to our peaceful studies.”

“ Nay then another day I will come ; and you will search in the meantime, and have the dust shaken from the soldier’s tome ere I return.”

“ No talk of stirring yet. *Nunc est bibendum*,” said the Prior, taxing his memory for some scraps of the profane poet, in order to fascinate the classic-loving Latour,

“ *promē reconditum,
Sampson strenue, Cæcubum,*”

continued he, addressing the lingering brother, who grudged the delicious Lachryma to the Frenchman; and filling the cups around him, he proceeded to address the flagon in the well-known verses of Horace,

“ O, nata mecum, Pontifice Pio,”

through all the verses of which he held the attention of Latour, chained in delight; till, as he repeated,

“ Tu spem reducis mentibus anxiis
Viresque; et addis cornua pauperi,”

the jovial friars burst forth into a loud chuckle at the joke which they espied in the last expression—a species of joke most practical in Italy, and one, moreover, never flat, however old.

The veteran joined in the laugh, and added his share of quotation and classicism to the jollity of the evening; but I must spare my fair readers any more hard words for the present. The impatience of the grenadier grew at length irrepressible by either cup or quota-

tion ; his love of discipline was greater than that which he bore to Horace or Lachryma, and he rose to go, in despite of the expostulation of all the monks of St. Augustin. In vain the friars thronged around, and conjured him, by all the saints of good-fellowship, and by Bacchus himself, not to desert them—Latour was inexorable. They hid his casque, and unbuckled his sword ; but, nothing annoyed with their pertinacity, he recovered his accoutrements, and at length made his way through their friendly ranks, as he had often done through hostile ones, with success. As he escaped through the portal with gigantic strides, the Prior, like “ panting Time,” in Johnson’s prologue,

“ toiled after him in vain ;”

and at length cried out to Latour, that he had a word—a serious word, for his ear. The demand was so earnest that Latour did pause a moment ; and the Prior, descending the flight of steps from the church, communicated to him the serious word, viz. “ To take especial

care of himself as he wended to his quarters ; and, above all, to beware of the womankind."

The veteran was indignant at the insinuation, as he of course understood it. But the prior did not wait for either Latour's question or resentment, his object being to make the soldier cautious of the approach of one in a female garb, and caring not whether such caution was produced by fear or offended dignity. The grenadier set off hurt, and muttering—"Thinks he, that the scum of his piazzas can offer any allurement to me,—the sensual friar. I could have reminded him, when he so addressed me, by a blow upon the shaven crown. But he chaunts Flaccus, the rogue, as if it were his missal ; and so I forgive him.

Thus soliloquizing, the veteran entered the Piazza Navona, an oblong square, a place which serves as a kind of vegetable market to the Romans. Towards evening the stalls of herb-venders disappear, and fish-friers and mountebanks, with a crowd of idlers, throng in their stead. At present, however, the piazza

seemed singularly still and empty, both of stalls and population. The candles of the many sheds and tables did not glimmer as they were wont, and Latour, who knew the place, which was a great resort of his comrades, paused to look around him, and assure himself that he had not mistaken the road. Whilst he was thus gazing around him, two females approached from the opposite side of the piazza, as if attracted by the soldier's martial form. But Latour, in whose resentment the Prior's injurious hint was still rankling, strode instantly away, waving off with his sword, which, since he rescued it from the monks, he held loose in his hand, the damsels, who seemed anxious of his acquaintance. They did not desist, however, for his ungallant gesture, but approached, enticing the *Signor Franceso* to colloquy. Latour still proceeded on his way; when one of his pursuer's placed herself between him and the street leading to the Pantheon, whilst the other drew near, also, on the opposite side. At any other

time, or perhaps ten years earlier, Latour might have been flattered by these attentions, but at present indifferent to such blandishments, he waved his sword around him somewhat angrily, crying—

“ Begone, women ! what mean ye by thus taking an old soldier in flank ? ”

One of them, as he spoke, laid hold of the sword that he waved, and held it firm as long as possible, without drawing off the scabbard ; and whilst the veteran was so engaged, the other damsel struck at him with a stiletto.

“ Ha ! well struck for a jade,” cried Latour, as he parried the blow, and at the same time laid the assassin sprawling upon the earth ; “ though I warrant the hand that struck that stroke reaps a beard proportionably strong. True, true, *parbleu*, worthy Prior, I remember and thank thee for thy subtle counsel. It must be so ; but, lest Latour should strike an unmanly blow, I will mar purpose without taking life or maiming limb.”

So saying, he struck with the flat of his

good sword the other female figure, who had just drawn the scabbard; and leaving both disguised foes thus prostrate, Latour sped towards the Pantheon with all the activity of a conscript, arousing, in a fortunate moment, but almost too late, his supine comrades to arms.

Latour had scarcely fled from the Piazza Navona, when Fra Diavolo, with his armed procession, entered it at a hurried pace; not clamorous—for each mouth was mute, but with a smothered and fearful murmuring, as that of swollen and unbroken surges rolling to the shore. The moon rose late upon those nights; and thus early it was of a darkness through which one's way should have been groped even abroad. No lamp then shed its innovating ray upon the narrow streets of Rome, except at some few corners where images of the Madonna were erected. But the Trasteverini, accustomed to the labyrinths of their dark city, rushed on through them, close upon the steps of Latour D'Auvergne.

The few soldiers that could muster on the first alarm, presented but a feeble barrier to the redoubtable column of Fra Diavolo. Their feeble line of bayonets was broken in an instant, and the defenders, who were not killed and trodden down, were borne back upon the Pantheon, like floating weeds into the ocean from the embouchure of an impetuous river.—As Duvivier had foreseen and blamed, there was not a single spot of vantage-ground throughout the whole space occupied by the troops ; and it was not until they were driven to the other side of the Corso that the French could make any stand against their enemies. The insurgent officers, moreover, were separated from their soldiers, and enclosed in the Pantheon, which was surrounded by the Trasteverini, and defended with difficulty against their continued attempts to force it. The palace of the Monte Citorio, then occupied by the police and part of a regiment, was, with the exception of the Pantheon, the only post south of the Corso which the Trasteverini did

not instantly carry. There was, of course, no quarter given, and all the straggling soldiers who escaped the ox-spears, which bore down upon them in the first charge, were summarily despatched with the stiletto. The darkness, surprise, and dispersion, added to the horrors of the carnage; and it was impossible to discover accurately, or to ascertain who or how numerous might be the midnight insurgents. On the rise of the Quirinal, however, the Piazzas Colonna and Sciarra, in the Trasteverini were effectually checked; and from the brisk fire that was opened upon them, whenever they ventured an attack up those narrow defiles, they were compelled at length, after a combat of hours, to give up the hopes of forcing the French in their new position.

Duvivier, upon whose vigilant ear the tumult came not unexpected, was aroused upon its first alarm. He sprung up from a couch where he had thrown himself, to painful and perplexed reflections—not repose; and snatching up his arms, hastened to the door of his apart-

ment. It was fast. In vain he struck and struggled: no egress could be so obtained. Duvivier shouted: Walter answered. The Major was free; and the utmost endeavours of both officers were exerted upon the door—but in vain. A passage was not to be forced; but the din occasioned by their attempts pealed through the palace, and at length brought Domenico forth, who, very coolly taking the key from his pocket, unlocked the door, and gave liberty to the Colonel.

“How is this, sirrah?” said the latter. But the old domestic only answered the fulminating demand by a shrug. “Who bade thee do this?” continued Duvivier, pulling the man apart, for he more than suspected whence such officiousness proceeded.

“The Prince commanded that you should be kept quiet and undisturbed.”

“The Prince—indeed; and effectual means you took to obey his highness.”

“It proceeded from pure good will to you, signor stranger.”

“ I doubt it not,” said the Colonel, as he hastily buckled on some necessary accoutrements; “ and of pure good will you would keep me from succouring my comrades.”

“ One brings not succour to the many, but perishes with them.”

“ Shrewd that, but not chivalrous, Master Domenico. Give me yon sabre. You never read Tasso.”

“ Not read, mayhap,” quoth the domestic, “ and yet I can safely boast to know every stanza of the Gerusalemme better than he who asks this question.”

“ Then thou knowest, that a single Paladin, Orlando, could rout a whole army of Saracens, transfixing infidels upon his spear, as thou would'st put frogs upon a spit, Domenico.”

“ *Ma noi altri non siamo Turchi*, we are nor Turks, nor Saracens,” rejoined the nettled Roman.

“ Ha ! you take it to yourself, do you—you rebel rascal ?”

“ We do but imitate our conq—— our visitors, I would say.”

“ It may surely please thy guardian saint that I shall live to hang thee,” said the Colonel, as he hurried out.

“ St. Domenico grant that you may,” said the old man, more seriously ; “ I should be less missed, I trow, in the house of the Colonna.”

Duvivier turned, and looked fixedly on the grey-haired domestic. But the shouts of the Trasteverini arose louder and nearer ; and he hurried off, calling upon his men to follow.

CHAPTER X.

“ Ma quei robusti e furiosi urtaro
Con tal virtù l’Italico drappello,
Che sopra al ventre suo oltrepassaro.
Di sangue il fiume pareva a vedello
Ripien d’uomini, e d’armi, e di cavagli,
Caduti sotto al Gallico coltello.
Così gl’ Italian lasciorno andagli—”

Machiavelli, I Decennali.

THE Colonna palace occupies one corner of the square or piazza of the Holy Apostles. At the corner opposed to this Duvivier found his lately routed comrades, standing firm against the swarms of fanatic Romans that rushed from time to time upon their fire and bayonets, with a courage worthy of ancient times. In the huddled ranks of the French was not a single officer to be found. The Pantheon still contained them; whilst the

command had devolved on one well worthy to hold, and able to support it on—Latour D'Auvergne. Duvivier soon made his way to where the veteran stood in the foremost rank awaiting a fresh onset. It came with a desperate yell, soon mingled with a volley from the soldiers, after which there was a clash of weapons for the space of a minute, and the retreating steps of the Romans told that the attack had once more failed.

After several repetitions of this kind, which seemed productive of little, except the adding of four or five peasants each time to the heap of dead that lay before the French position, the impatience of Duvivier began to manifest itself. As each charge died away, and the enemy retreated, he urged Latour to lead the troops instantly in pursuit,—nay, he even endeavoured himself virtually to supersede Latour in the command tacitly conferred, by inciting the soldiers to follow him. But as they looked, and beheld their veteran comrade immovable, they totally disregarded the ex-

hortations and menaces of the cavalry officer, and coolly awaited the formation and coming of a fresh attack.

“Now—now they come!—Latour, I do beseech you, let them not escape;” and for two minutes, and not more perhaps, the roar of muskets, the clash and struggle drowned all speech or hearing. “There they go, like sheep—on after them! *Sacre bleu!* thou immovable Colossus of a grenadier, has age frozen thy blood?”

“Peace, peace! my son,” cried the imperturbable grenadier; “you think yourself at the head of a squadron, and we each with four swift hoofs under us, to bear confusion amongst yon flying ranks.”

“Would that it were so,” cried Duvivier, grinding his teeth with impatience; “then would I take a huge stride to a Marshal’s baton.”

The veteran smiled in contempt. “Thinking of a plaything—a bauble,” said he, “when life, honour, our comrades, all are in jeopardy!”

“ Hug your bayonet as you will, Latour ; let my ambition be command. If valour content itself with trifles for its reward, ’tis that it prizes those mere tokens of its worth more than substantial payment. Rank and ribands are the laurels of the modern world, baubles, as you call them in your inverted pride ; so was the bay leaf a bauble, yet ambitioned by the heroes of the land we tread.”

“ Talk not of them,” said Latour, shocked at even an approach to a comparison between ancient and modern valour, “ they fought with other souls, on other principles.”

“ True, they sought no triumphs, nor canvassed for command.”

“ Cincinnatus ——”

“ And Latour D’Auvergne, were two exceptions, and therefore will be foremost on the page of history.”

“ A blasphemous and barbarous approximation,” said Latour, coolly presenting his piece as he spoke, and firing at the approaching enemy. The charge that followed was a

desperate one; many of the Romans pressed amongst the bayonets of their enemies; and one, especially, who had singled out the leader-like figure of Latour, as an especial antagonist, fell, after a short struggle, mortally transfixed by the veteran.

“The military glory of the Roman heroes,” said Latour, continuing the conversation as the body of his foe fell from his bayonet, whilst the attack ebbed as before, “was but secondary to their moral grandeur; they were capable of something more than wielding sword and spear, or than even the *etat majorship* of directing military evolutions. Cato, Scipio, and Cæsar were soldiers; but how little is mere soldiership in the mass of their characters,—Cæsar, sir, the learned, the eloquent Cæsar——”

“For the love of God, and that of France!” cried Duvivier, more alarmed at Latour’s prosing than at all the force of Fra Diavolo, “let us pursue and rout these wild peasants.”

“Peace! I say, again. You youths always

excite an old man to argument; and no sooner is he in it than there you leave him."

"Nay, my dear Latour, is this a time for argument?"

"A very proper time, when a soldier stands to his arms but once in the five minutes, and war comes like an intermittent fever, to fill up the weary intervals with rational converse."

"Well, be rational for once, to the purpose, and let us advance upon these ruffians, as they scatter in retreat."

"What! leave our defile, our lane, our Thermopylæ, and issue forth into the Corso, to be flanked and trodden down by these legions of hell let loose?"

"If I could muster my mounted regiment," said Duvivier, "I would shew thee how horsemen put an end to strife."

"They are excellent and useful troops, when they have a mass of infantry to retreat behind and rally; but of what use they could be in this glimmering light is beyond my military conceptions."

“They would at least show thee the way to regain the positions we have lost.”

“Come, you will not stir me from this secure post, at least till daylight glimmers, by either taunt or exhortation—

‘*Justum et tenacem propositi virum—*’ ”

“Spare your Latin, Latour, and use your steel, for here they come again.”

And come they did, in thicker phalanx, and with efforts even more strenuous and daring than before.

“This is the hail-shower at the close of the storm,” cried Latour; “I know it. Stand close, my boys! we shall have fair and easy weather when it blows off.”

A very few yards in advance of the French soldiers, an effigy of the Madonna, enshrined in glass and gilding, adorned the end wall of a palace, and was placed there by the noble proprietor, no doubt more for the purpose of defending his precincts from filth and damage than from any feeling of devotion.

Beneath this, but two months since, the *Sambullari*, or Calabrian bag-pipers, had squeezed forth for hours together their mountain hymns in honour of the Nativity—the anniversary of which they travelled to Rome in order to celebrate. For their accommodation and that of other devout persons, and also in honour of the Blessed Virgin, a lamp was suspended before the framed image, serving the double purpose of lighting her votaries and affording incense to her;—for be it known, that in the opinions of the Roman Christian, the nostrils of the Madonna, and all the sisterhood and brotherhood of the calendar, are supposed to be equally gratified by the odour of burning fat and oil, as were wont to be those of their predecessors, Cybele, Jupiter, and the inhabitants of Olympus. No new saint can be created or elected without a *majorat* of oil being secured to his shrine; nor can the vow of a frail sinner ever be supposed to reach the interceding Virgin, unless the glimmer of a farthing candle light it on its way to heaven.

The lamp of the present scenes, however, shed now its tiny ray upon hurrying groups far different from those accustomed to cluster under it. Suspended high above the heads of the combatants, it escaped both spear and missile, was allowed to remain by the French as conveniently warning them of the enemies' approach, and was respected by these enemies from a principle less selfish and more devout. Thus the Madonna herself was rendered spectatress of a combat in which she could not be said to be less interested than those who mingled in it. The Romans thought at least that she ought to be so; and, accordingly, many a glance was directed to the image, in expectation that it would endue itself with life, and either descend to join the devout assailants, or at least cheer them on by a nod. The obstinate immobility of the image damped considerably the ardour of the Trasteverini; and Fra Diavolo had few hopes of bringing them much oftener or with more effect to the charge. He bethought him, however, that a miracle might prove no bad

military manœuvre ; and, accordingly, he despatched a trusty and not over-devout emissary to introduce himself into the neighbouring palace, and insinuate, through the wall if necessary, with an iron bar, his wish to the Madonna, that she would bestir herself.

Allowing a sufficient interval of breathing-time to elapse, the Fra marshalled his reluctant soldiers, exhorted them to make one more effort, and asserted that he himself had received a cheering smile from the image when he had lately passed it in retreat. Urged by their leader's eloquence, the Trasteverini advanced once more to the charge, certainly with steps neither rapid nor firm ; when, to their astonished eyes, the figure of the Blessed Virgin appeared in motion, and protruding itself from the wall.

“ *Ah ! la bonne Vierge, voilà qu'elle vient,*” exclaimed a French soldier, without more astonishment.

“ *Jam redit et virgo.*”

muttered Latour.

The Romans saw no more than the first

motion of their sacred image. Closing their eyes, that they might not offend the holy presence of their heavenly ally by too close contemplation, they rushed upon the French, impetuous and infuriate ; careless and bold as maniacs they overleaped the bayonets, sprung amongst them without ever opening their eyelids ; and though the greater number met an instantaneous death, yet the rest succeeded in disturbing the hitherto imperturbable ranks of the French, and in grappling individually in close combat with their enemies ; but, without reserve or support of any kind, it was impossible for the undisciplined Romans to take advantage of their slight success. Their last desperate effort, as well as the miracle which produced it, served but to heap still higher the bulwark of the dead ; and at length reduced to a few stout and struggling combatants, these retired from the French ranks, where they had brought and left havoc, in final and irretrievable retreat,

Amongst those who fled,

“ Though with unflying face,”

was the sturdy Fra himself, gnashing his teeth and agitating his poniard in air; for he seemed to have discharged or lost every other weapon. His stout form, cord cincture, and friar's gown, well known in the combat to those who survived the encounter with them, attracted the martial and vengeful ardour of many—amongst others, of Duvivier. None but the Colonel, however, dared to disobey the strict injunctions of Latour, who still adhered firmly to his determination of holding his present position. Duvivier, therefore, sprung alone from the forming ranks of his comrades, and rushed upon the retreating friar, who, in a lion's flight, covered the retreat of his men.

There was little parley betwixt them, a thrust of Duvivier's sabre, parried most adroitly by the stiletto of the Fra, being the first salutation that passed. The friar, unarmed as he might be considered, still retired from a repetition of this ; and Duvivier, had he not been of this unchivalrous century, would have scorned to continue a combat seemingly so

unequal ; but he, perhaps, thought the friar's long stiletto, particularly in the hands that wielded it, as perfectly equal to cope with his longer, but more unwieldy weapon ; and still pressed on to bestow another blow upon the leader of the Trasteverini. The Fra, perceiving that close combat with his youthful and less muscular adversary would be his best chance of conquest, halted suddenly, and rushed upon the Colonel with a tiger's spring. The good sword, however, had done its duty in part, ere the grapple took place ; and had laid bare and bloody the right shoulder of the friar, who still—his stiletto firm betwixt his teeth—seized a wrestler's hold that precluded all further use of the young soldier's sabre. In this struggle, during which the friar endeavoured to overthrow his antagonist, but in vain, the activity of the Frenchman baffling the superior force of the Italian ; the latter retreated towards his party, till, watching an opportunity of freely using his arm, ere his intent could be interrupted he

seized the stiletto from his mouth, and, returning wound for wound, struck Duvivier. The blow was aimed at the side of the neck, an Italian stroke ; but it erred, and was not mortal ; whilst Latour D'Auvergne arrived in time to stay the brigand's hand, and wrest the stiletto from it ere he could aim a second stroke. Escape even was cut off, as well as conquest denied him ; for, powerful as was the brigand, he was held firm and harmless in the grasp of the gigantic grenadier, till properly secured. The wounded Colonel was borne, by the order of Latour, back to his quarters, not far distant ; and the redoubted leader of the Trasteverini, bound, hand and foot, with his own monastic cincture, was dragged to the rear of the French position.

“ Come along, my Capuchin Colonel,” cried the French, as they dragged the friar along. “ *Sacristie*, if the fellow doth not wear both epaulettes upon his chin !”

“ If it were not for the glimmer of your lamp,” said his comrade, “ I know not how

we should guide ourselves through this heap of dead."

"An idle torch," said the Fra, with a grin, "to wait there after his lady has departed."

"True, so she hath; and whither hath her ladyship flown?"

"She hath turned from thee the light of her blessed countenance," said the friar.

"And to the discomfiture of my shin," rejoined the soldier, as he struck his foot through the fallen glass, and scratched himself amongst the ruins which the Fra's emissary had pushed down from the walls of the palace.

The captive was soon secured—the wounded borne off, whilst the rest stood in their ranks for the reception of any fresh attack; but none appeared. Themselves routed on this as on other points, their leader a prisoner, the Trasteverini, towards the approach of morning, ceased altogether from incommoding the French on the other side of the Corso; and thus despairing of ultimate success, they resolved to make the best use of the time and

places in their power, by commencing a general sack of the palaces and public buildings within the limits where they were unresisted. The officers, during the night, had made good the defence of the Pantheon; but all attempts to sally, or cut a way through to their friends, were repulsed by the swarms that beset them. Surrounded too, as were both the Pantheon and the palace of Monte Citorio—the defenders of each consequently ignorant of the success or fate of their comrades—any general attack on the insurgent peasantry was deferred, until daylight should bring succour, or at least certainty.

Morn at length came to illuminate the scene of slaughter and confusion; and the French perceiving that the efforts of the insurgents were not renewed, advanced with the first rays of light upon the Corso. They were encouraged, too, by learning that the French tricolor flag still floated in St. Angelo, and from the palace of the Monte Citorio. The private dissensions betwixt the General and the few offi-

cers that were free, were of course forgotten in the common danger; and Dallemagne, assuming the command without opposition, took the fit measures for routing and taking vengeance upon the peasant band, which had so nearly put an end, for the time, to the philanthropic intentions of the French towards their Holy City. Murat was ordered to muster the cavalry in the Piazza Colonna, whilst the infantry, forming on the Quirinal, moved in column down the Via de Muratti, and across the Corso to relieve the Pantheon.

The orders of the General were forthwith and with facility carried into effect. The straggling Trasteverini made little or no resistance, and those who had not fled upon the first alarm of reaction on the part of the French, were pursued and sabred by Murat and his mounted troops from the Pantheon and the Piazza Navona to the bridge of St. Angelo, and the Place of St. Peter's. At the Lungara gate, the Ponte Sisto, and the entrances to the Trastevere, its discomfited inhabitants

endeavoured to make a stand, but ineffectually. Angered by the surprise, defeat, and losses of the preceding night, the French pressed upon them, their martial ardour excited by vengeance; and the sun had not for two hours been gilding the lofty pinnacles of St. Peter's, when the French had cleared the city of all their open and armed enemies.

Amongst those who pressed upon the retreating Romans with fury, and obeyed all the commands of General Dallemagne, with the utmost alacrity and obedience, were the insurgent officers, just liberated from the Pantheon. Shame, for their mutinous conduct and preposterous classicism, seized upon them, and with reason, as they beheld on all sides the dreadful effects of their measures in the late defeat and slaughter of so many of their comrades. All their indignation, as sons of liberty, had subsided, whilst their feelings, as Frenchmen and French soldiers, were aroused to wipe away at once the stain of their rebellion, and of the disasters which it had caused.

Even Latour and the bayonets of his undecorated comrades were left far behind by the zeal of their officers ; and the veteran saw, in this conduct, fresh matter for the contempt which he entertained for his nominal superiors in military rank.

The quarter of Trastevere was given up to plunder, or rather to the vengeance of the troops ; for there could be found little in the hovels of its humble inhabitants to tempt the cupidity of the conquerors of Italy. Latour, who disdained to wreak vengeance, a feeling indeed he was incapable of, on the walls or the wretched garnishing of a hut, tranquilly awaited fresh commands for further action, when General Dallemagne happened to approach.

“ What have we all left to do now, Latour, save returning to the Quirinal ? ” said the General, seeking to ascertain if the soldiers were willing to return to the ancient quarters which they had held previous to the mutiny.

“ How comes it, Citizen-General, that you ask such a question of an humble volunteer like myself ? I but obey.”

“ Yes, and like woman in obedience rule.”

“ Do you suppose me then Omphale in the accoutrements of Hercules ?” said Latour, offended at what he would have called a most injurious approximation.

“ No, in truth, forgive a soldier’s attempt at similitudes. The arms of Hercules have just proved themselves in the hands of their proper owner. But why do we bandy words—has there not been blood enough ?”

“ Enough, ay, more than enough to damn for ever the pernicious obstinacy of a corrupt and avaricious commander.”

“ How ?”

“ The giving up to justice of one guilty robber, one of these *concussionnaires*, as an example, would have spared the lives of hundreds of our gallant comrades.”

“ Then, Latour, you make conditions—you alone, of all—for I see not one of any rank, who is not ready to march when and where their general may command them.”

“ They have shoulder-knots and embroidery to cover fickleness,” said Latour ; “ and may

give up the cause into which they forced so many ignorant comrades to risk their lives and honours, with the same caprice they entered it. But we, whose honours beat within, and are not tacked without our jackets, cannot so permit worthy motives to vanish from before us and be forgotten. Nor can this insurrection, the brunt of which hath fallen upon us soldiers, make us forget how it was provoked by the rapacity of civilians, whose fingers have not bled for it or suffered. Our late defeat may reconcile our officers to further shame; I promise you, General, that, on the contrary, it does but awake our vigilance."

"Then what would you, Latour—for time is precious?"

"The prosecution of Carrier, the robber, and his brother commissaries."

"This was but what I myself intended," said the conciliating Dallemagne.

"Comrades, to the Quirinal!" cried the Stentorian voice of Latour D'Auvergne.

His comrades obeyed; and after tranquil-

lizing the city at the point of the bayonet, soldiers and officers returned to their ancient quarters, the former relying upon the promise made by Dallemagne to Latour, and the latter ashamed that an inferior comrade should have taken upon him to accomplish what they had vainly and unfortunately attempted without success.

As tidings soon reached the city, that the insurrection was general throughout the Romagna, especially upon its southern border, Velletri, Terracina, and the mountain haunts to the east of these places, Murat was despatched with all the force that could be spared, principally cavalry, to quell the popular movement. And the duty intrusted to him, we may here state, that gallant officer completely fulfilled, routing the rebels, and subduing them even in their mountain villages.

END OF VOLUME FIRST.



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